COMMUNICATIONS · BOOKS · MUSIC · TRAVEL · MOVIES

Saturday Review

December 12, 1970 50¢

Life on the Mississippi, 1970

by Peter Schrag

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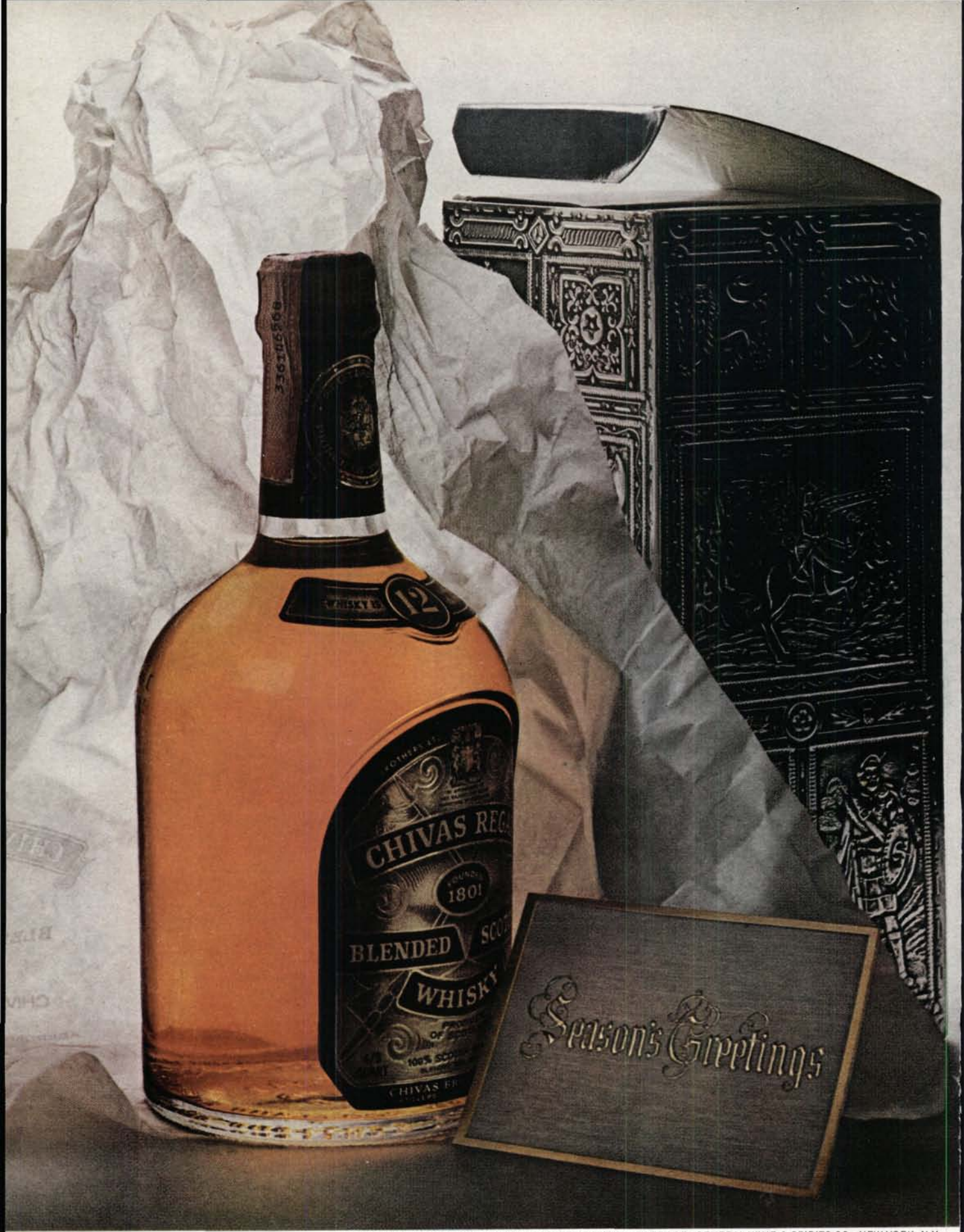

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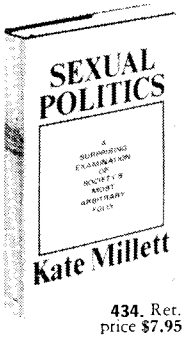

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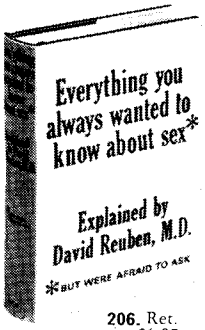

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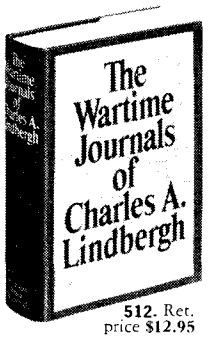

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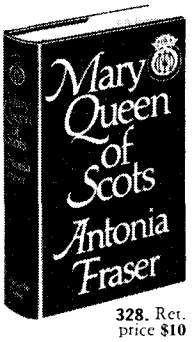

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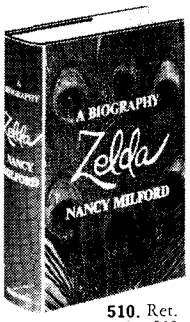

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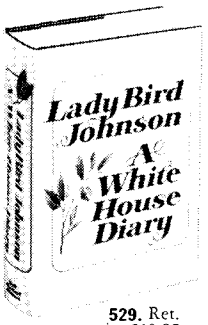

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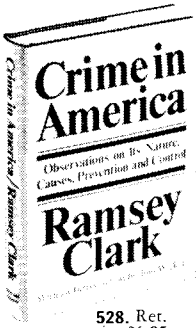

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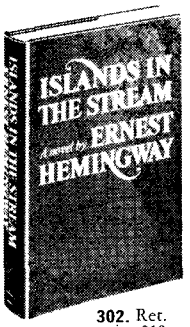

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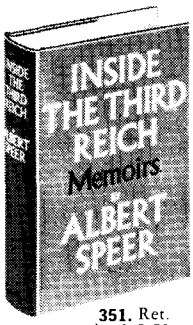

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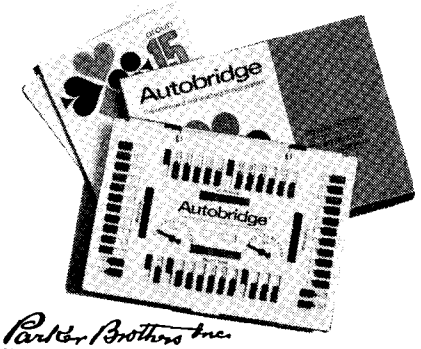

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Salem, Mass., Des Moines, Iowa

December 12, 1970

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by Peter Schrag

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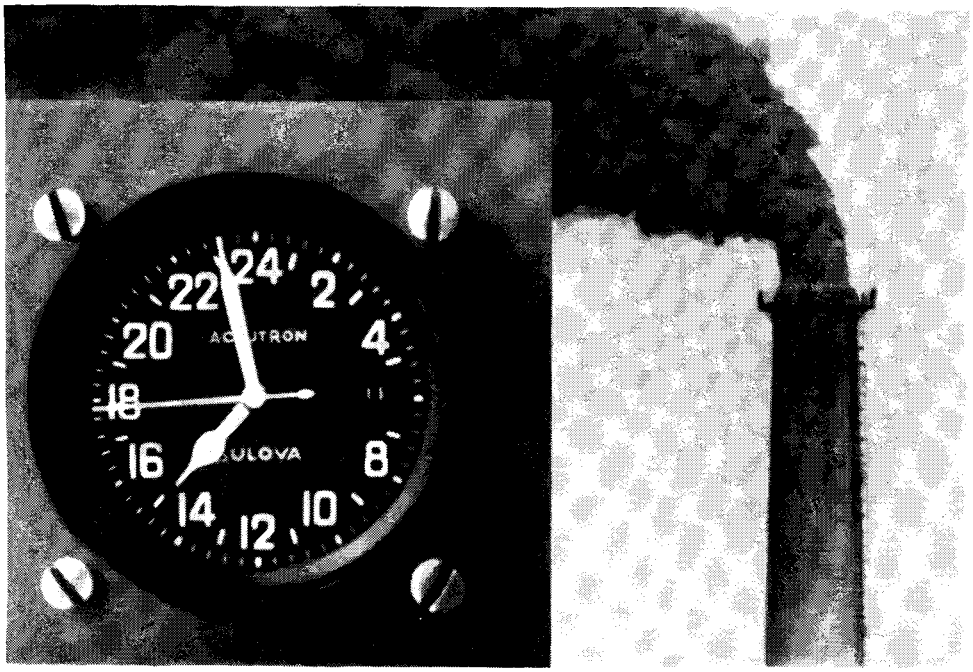
"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

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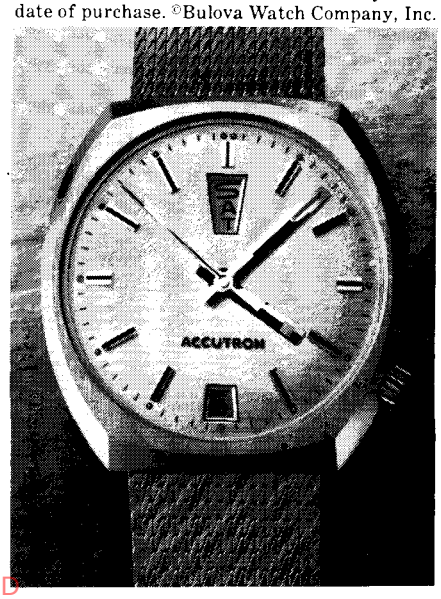

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

The Emerging A. Kuznetsov

TWO YEARS AGO, in England, MacGibbon & Kee published Anatoly Kuznetsov's *Babi Yar*. Kuznetsov called it "a documentary novel." Narrated in the first person by Kuznetsov, it describes the horrors of life in Kiev during the Nazi invasion and occupation in 1941.

Kuznetsov, now living in London, calls the book a translation of the censored version published in Russia, and therefore, he says, it bears no resemblance to the work as he first wrote it. He insists that what was derogatory to the Soviet Union—reports of Soviet collaborators, for example—was modified or omitted. What he declares to be the "true version" is just now available under the Jonathan Cape imprint.

There are unbiased persons who suspect that Kuznetsov may not be telling the truth; who suggest that the MacGibbon & Kee book is indeed the one that Kuznetsov really wrote in Russia and that his so-called true version was written by him only since he took up residence in London sixteen months ago. The "true version" is approximately the same as the "emasculated" one, but in it Kuznetsov has inserted and added passages to prove that the Communists were no less ruthless and dreadful than the Nazis.

Though he is a confessed informer and coward, Kuznetsov was received here as something of a hero. He arrived in London from Moscow on July 24, 1969. His visit was sponsored jointly by the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. and the British-Soviet Friendship Society. Both organizations have been reputed to be identified with the Communist Party.

Kuznetsov came to London ostensibly to do research for a treatise on Lenin's period of exile in the British capital prior to the Revolution. He was accompanied by George Andjaparidze, the "personal translator" delegated by Soviet authorities to keep an eye on him and ensure his return to Russia. Shortly after settling in at the Apollo Hotel, Kuznetsov eluded his comrade by pretending he wanted to amble about and find a prostitute. What he did was call at the offices of *The Daily Telegraph*, one of the country's major newspapers. The newspaper's Communist affairs correspondent, David Floyd, who speaks Russian fluently, was assigned to take care of Kuznetsov. In statements given immediately to Floyd and published in *The Telegraph*, Kuznetsov denounced his native land and announced his defection. He asked the British government for asylum. A permanent stay was granted, despite protests from the Soviet Embassy.

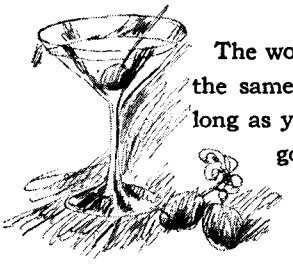
There then appeared in the British press, most often and at greatest length in *The Telegraph*, a number of interviews between Kuznetsov and Floyd. There also appeared several lengthy articles written by Kuznetsov and translated by Floyd. It was made known that Kuznetsov would now prepare for publication in the Western world all of his previously published novels, but in uncensored form, and that he would write his autobiography. Various book firms around the world, because of the interest and excitement engendered by Kuznetsov's defection, sought to acquire publishing rights. Through Ewan MacNaughton, an acquaintance of mine at *The Telegraph*, and on behalf of an American company, I myself offered $50,000 for North American book rights—an offer withdrawn when suspicions about Kuznetsov began to accumulate.

When I read the MacGibbon & Kee *Babi Yar*, I felt it was not a documentary novel, or a novel at all, but rather a description of events remembered, or presumably remembered, by Kuznetsov, who was twelve years old at the time of the Nazi occupation. The book opens with a chapter entitled "A Necessary Explanation by the Author." The chapter ends with this sentence: "The word 'documentary' in the subtitle of this novel means I am presenting only authenticated facts and documents and that here you will find not the slightest literary invention—that is, not 'how it might have happened' or 'how it should have been.' "

The disclaimer to the contrary, I felt there was considerable invention. Too much of the story didn't ring true. Not that I ever entertained any doubts about Nazi brutalities and atrocities—they have been too firmly established elsewhere, and there is nothing that has been written by anybody about tortures the Nazis inflicted, the mass executions of tens of thousands that they organized, or their general inhumanity that I have not accepted as gospel. What bothered me about *Babi Yar* was the part that Kuznetsov ascribed to himself. I simply did not believe him. For one thing, it seemed that nobody could have escaped death so often.

Floyd's articles about Kuznetsov that were written for *The Telegraph* struck

Olive? Onion? Twist?



The world would be a dulldumb place if everybody liked the same thing. "Give 'em a choice," we always say. As long as you only get to choose from the best, you can't go wrong. Like choosing from one of these basically different, but all great cheese snacks to serve along with your favorite drink.

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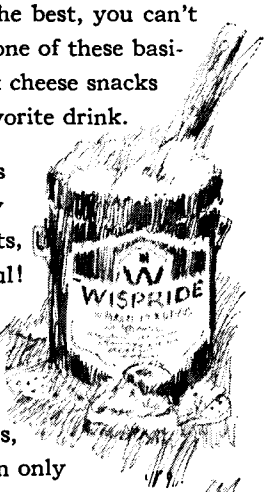

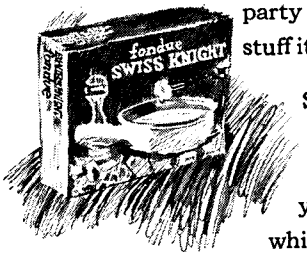

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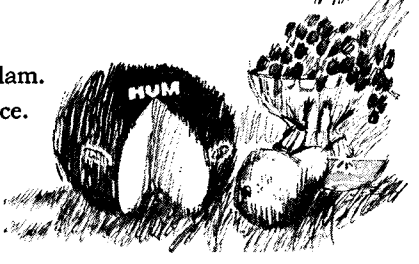

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Jim was a chip off the old block. No job. No schooling. No hope.

Jim's father never really had a chance.

He came north right after World War II. But he just wasn't equipped to work in the industrial north. He had little schooling. No training. So all his working life most of the jobs he could get were menial and part-time. With little hope for anything better.

Jim, without knowing it, was on his way to becoming his father. He spurned school. Missed classes. Didn't study. Was thinking of dropping out. And the future was a big blank.

Then in his junior year, Jim started to do a slow but sure turnabout. He dropped the idea of dropping out. And started working hard to stay in. He went to all his classes. And really started digging the books.

What makes a young man like Jim change? A youngster who didn't believe in the future. One who saw the future as a lot of stupid little jobs. And never enough money.

No one knows. Not even Jim.

But one of the things Jim always mentions was a new course he took at his high school in New York City. A professional automotive course initiated by Shell Oil Company. With Shell providing the lesson plans, the sophisticated electronic tune-up equipment and various learning materials.

Jim says he sparked to the course immediately. He was intrigued by the fancy equipment. And liked the idea of diagnosing sick engines.

But more important than that, Jim started to see himself differently. He began to realize that he could become something... if he learned something. And the idea took hold.

Today Jim is well on his way. He's a sophomore in a New York City college, studying hard to be an engineer.

Jim is not the only success story in this course. So far, over 100 young men have graduated. Many have gone on to good paying jobs in automotive and aircraft repair.

But the real surprise: many of the youngsters have gone on to college.

Shell was delighted with the results. So they extended the course to 12 other high schools. With 25 more to follow.

There are a lot of young men out there just like Jim. Youngsters who can and want to be something.

All they need is a chance.

Shell wants to help even more of them get that chance.

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(Jim is a real person. But his name is not Jim.)

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me as being terribly pat, childishly disingenuous. Kuznetsov was made to appear the great seeker after truth and freedom, the dedicated enemy of the Soviet regime who was compelled to live under its harrowing restrictions, too much the man of conscience who sought only to escape from its barbaric prohibitions and coercions. It was difficult for some of us who were reading about him to conceive of Kuznetsov as a noble soul, despising the Communists, when one remembered that he was in truth a member of the Communist Party, that he had joined it in 1955, when he was twenty-six years old, and that he never had resigned from it.

If fairness is due Kuznetsov, then it should be made clear that, in his interviews here, he did not seek to minimize his treachery to writer colleagues in Russia. Though it would have been impossible to conceal the facts, at least Kuznetsov did admit, in order to curry favor with Soviet officials and make a deal for his visit to London, that he had fabricated a story about his colleagues, some of them his close friends, saying they were plotting publication of an underground magazine that was to attack the Establishment. Indeed, Kuznetsov permitted the following statement to be printed here: "I solemnly declare that Kuznetsov is a dishonest, conformist, cowardly author. I renounce that name." He added that henceforth he would write under, and wish to be known by, the name of A. Anatoli.

Through his deception, Kuznetsov was granted permission to go to London for two weeks for his research. What happened to his colleagues, nobody knows. Nor does anybody know what happened to the mother and wife and nine-year-old son that Kuznetsov left behind.

In one long interview in *The Telegraph*, Kuznetsov told how he had photographed on microfilm thousands of pages of the original manuscripts of everything he ever had published, including the "true" version of *Babi Yar* and two still unpublished novels. All of this, according to Kuznetsov, he had sewn into the lining of his coat, and all of it, he vows, he brought to London without being discovered. It has struck some skeptics as odd that so much film could have been concealed in the lining of one coat, and even odder that it would not have been noticed by Russian officials when he left Moscow or by British customs officials when he arrived at Heathrow Airport.

It seems that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was the last straw for Kuznetsov. He simply could not tolerate Russia any longer. "So," he wrote in *The Telegraph*, "I went to Batumi (in the Caucasus) to study the lie of the land. The whole of the holiday coast of the Black Sea is under the strictest guard. When darkness falls, patrols drive everybody away from the water. Searchlights play over the beach and the sea. Radar installations detect even a child's ball floating on the surface of the sea. But I had made up my mind to swim underwater to Turkey with the help of an aqualung, entering the water before the patrols appeared and pushing in front of myself an underwater raft with spare oxygen containers. I would swim by compass just one night, otherwise I would be detected in the morning by the helicopters that were about like flies. I had trained myself to swim without stopping for fifteen hours. I started on the building of my raft."

If Czechoslovakia was the last straw for Kuznetsov, his scheme for swimming to Turkey was the last straw for me. Credulity has its limits. Anybody who could concoct a fantasy like that, and hope to be taken seriously, was somebody I had to meet.

I did meet him. On April 1, 1970, after a delay of many months, Kuznetsov finally came to my home for luncheon. He was accompanied by Floyd and Mr. MacNaughton. I was instructed in advance about what food was to be served. I also was told that under no circumstances was anybody else to be present.

We sat together for two hours. Through Mr. Floyd, I asked questions; and through Mr. Floyd, I was given answers.

It was then I came to the conclusion I had better write this column. However, I thought it wise to wait until I had an opportunity to read *Babi Yar* in what the author calls the true, uncensored version. Now it has been published, and I have read it. What Kuznetsov has done, it seems to me, is add to the MacGibbon & Kee book what he would have us believe he wrote originally about the Soviet soldiers, citizens, and government. One of my favorite new passages has to do with a Soviet workman who, when the Nazis came and looting was in order for everybody, collected twelve grand pianos "and stacked them one on top of the other" in his flat. "For the sake of twelve pianos, the stupid workman might well have been shot, but it was out of the question for him to go and hand them back himself. He just couldn't do it."

No doubt the workman found it easier to find and then pile up twelve grand pianos one on top of the other than to take them down.

Could anybody believe any of this? *Will* anybody?

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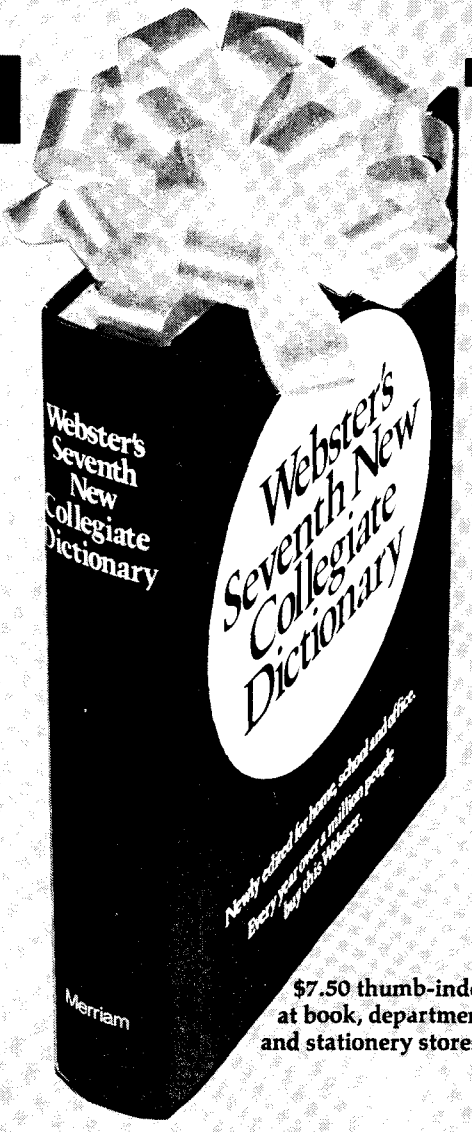
This Christmas give a Seventh instead of a fifth.



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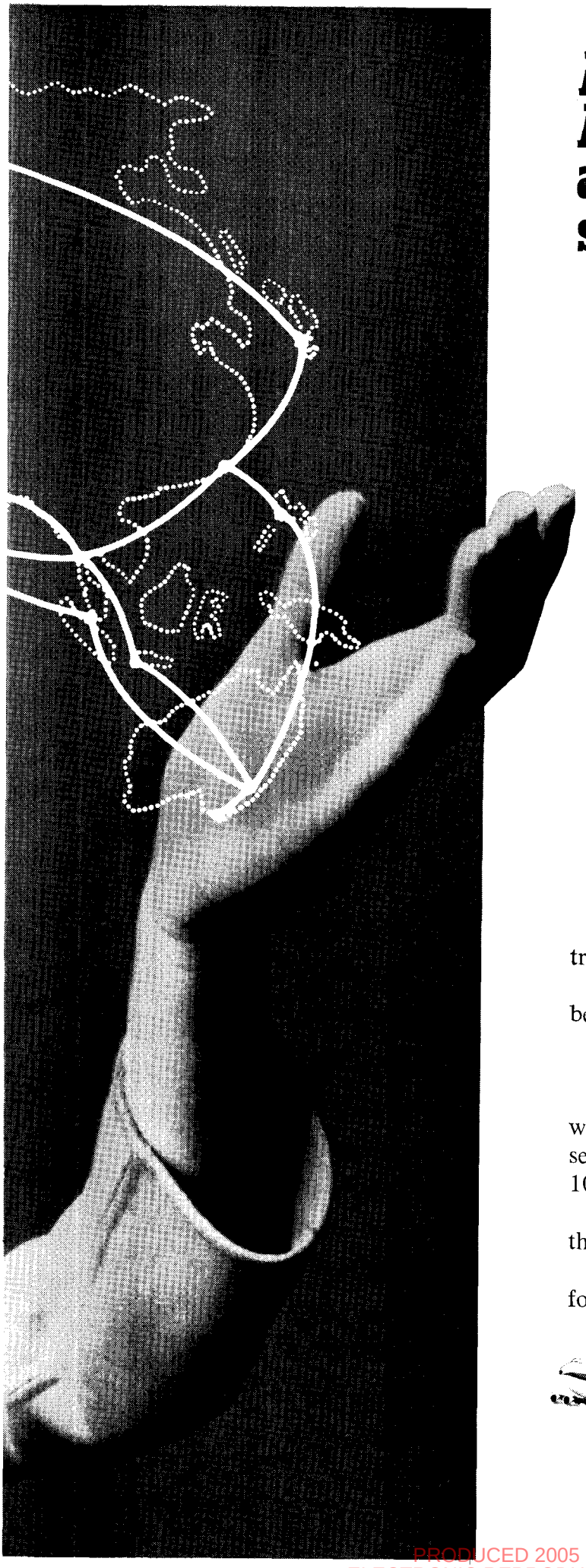

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Unemployment at 33 Per Cent

RUMORS IN WASHINGTON, D.C., are always described as "rife." A rumor has no way to become rife until one man tells it to another. When the second man tells another, the rumor is rifer. As the chain continues, a rumor can, in one day, attain full-bodied rifeness, a plateau to which every self-respecting rumor aspires if it hopes to make page 1.

News reporters hate a rife rumor. They prefer hard facts. A rumor most often means a day fruitlessly spent running down the source, then finding somebody to confirm the rumor or somebody to deny it.

On the other hand, columnists thrive on rumors. They prefer soft facts. They rush into print, projecting what would happen if the rumor were true, and writing cynical, satirical, or plain smart-alecky pieces for their own bemusement. The motto is "Get it first, but get it wrong."

So, in that high tradition, I happily report on the capital rumor that four members of the President's twelve-man Cabinet will soon be fired. That's a rate of 33 per cent unemployment.

After we have been constantly told by the administration that a little unemployment, like 5 or 5.6 per cent, is good because it helps fight inflation, 33 per cent unemployed should really straighten us out. Our dollar could soon be worth almost 80 cents.

These four men who are about to be given their pink slips are all selfless, loyal citizens whose only regret is they have but one job to give to their country. Unless an unfortunate thing happens—if the President should decide to hire four other men.

The rife rumors (one confirmed) are that the following four will depart:

The Honorable David Kennedy, who left his job as chairman of the board of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company to become Secretary of the Treasury. He has often advised us that things are improving, the light at the end of the tunnel can be seen, and the economy has made the turn. The trouble is that making a turn in a tunnel proves a hazardous maneuver.

The Honorable George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who when recently told he was acting in opposition to the administration's policy on housing, said: "What the hell is the administration policy? It changes from day to day." And the Secretary of Housing was out of house and home.

The Honorable Clifford Hardin, who left his job as chancellor of the University of Nebraska to take on the job of Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Hardin, who had taught agricultural economics and research, has been plowed under, because the administration's farm program has come a cropper. Anyway, he will now be in the market for a job of some parity.

The Honorable Walter J. Hickel, who gave up his job as Governor of Alaska to become Secretary of the Interior, had the bad luck last May to write and send a personal letter to the President admonishing him not to turn his back on the youth of America. This accidentally got into print when Mr. Hickel accidentally sent copies to the newspapers. The question for Mr. Hickel was, "Will you hate me in December as you did in May?" Obviously.

So there will be four new faces on the unemployment line. Being able men in the prime of life, they will soon be looking for comparable jobs. However, since there are not many Cabinet jobs kicking around these days, they will necessarily lower their sights. Ads in the Jobs Wanted columns may be:

Ex-Secretary of U.S. Treasury, experienced in handling money, stabilizing economies, and signing paper bills from a dollar up, wants job. If chance for advancement, will start low—piggy banks.

Ex-Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, former president American Motors, expert in automobile renewal, oil change, car wash, also brainwash.

Ex-Secretary of Agriculture, with two years experience, wants job to handle a far-spread ranch, or extensive farm acreage, or a vast dairy farm, or a small garden.

Ex-Secretary of the Interior, experienced in writing moving letters.

Finding one's self suddenly unemployed is bad enough. But to be cast adrift just before Christmas can make a man wonder if that's what Luke had in mind when he decreed this season to be a time for "good will toward men."

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE QUITE AS RICH AS YOU USED TO BE TO BUY A MINK.

This country has just been through its worst 12 months in 40 years.

And we're telling you to go buy your wife a mink coat.

That's not as dumb as it sounds.

You see, your stocks aren't the only things that are down.

The price of mink hasn't been this low since you were a kid.

Which means you don't have to be a millionaire these days to afford a mink coat. And you don't have to call Charlie who knows Dave who has a friend in the fur business.

All you have to do is get an Emba® mink.

You know Emba. Or if you don't, your wife does.

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Today's Emba mink is nothing like that ceremonial robe from the '50s that only came out of the closet once a year to go to a wedding.

It can be anything a girl wants it to be. Any style. Any length. Any color. Any cut.

Emba mink is tough too. Very tough. It can be snowed on. Rained on. Sat on. And if the kids touch it they don't have to go without television for a week.

So go ahead. Take advantage of the fact that it's been a lousy year. Get your wife a mink coat.

You may never be lucky enough to have it so lousy again.

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The American Mink

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The Decline and Fall of the Japanese Empire, 1936-1945
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Photos, maps. $12.95

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Drama inside the wards and operating rooms. $6.95

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A trophy for outdoorsmen. 300 photos, 193 in color. $12.95 until 12/31/70; then $15. *A Ridge Press Book*

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by PETER BULL
A witty feast of lore, letters, anecdotes. 100 illustrations. $10

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by CAPTAIN DONALD MACINTYRE
Life aboard the great sailing ships—1520-1914. 320 illustrations, 44 in color. $19.95 until 12/31/70; then $25

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by WILLIAM ANDERSON
Beautiful and complete. 300 illustrations, 40 in color. $30 until 12/31/70; then $35

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Authoritative and spectacular. 210 photos, drawings, unique sky maps. $17.50. *A Chanticleer Press Book*

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Unique format, indispensable tips. Illustrated. $7.95

Now at your bookstore **RANDOM HOUSE**

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Scoop of the Week this week comes from Mrs. H. E. Blaetz of Pemberton, New Jersey. We reprint it entire—just as she found it in the Pemberton *Times-Advertiser*:

> The Senior 4-H Council will have its regular monthly meeting Monday, 8 p.m. in the Extension too, which is a fact that many people are not aware of because we always get calls about needles turning yellow and falling off. It is normal for the older needles, those back on the branch, to fall and should be of no concern. However, if the tips turn brown and fall that means trouble.

All we ask is that you remember you saw it here first. Meanwhile, our Classified Ad of the Week came from E. B. Thornton of Sturgis, Michigan. He found it in the Madison (Wisconsin) *Capital Times*:

> **FOR SALE**—One used tombstone. Splendid opportunity for family named Dingle.

We called on an old and dear friend, Bennett Cerf, the man who was, for a score of years, conductor of this column, and found him not only out with one book—*The Sound of Laughter*—but hard at work on another.

"This is the kind of little thing you can sell today," he told us flourishing a Rod McKuen volume in the Stanyan Books series. The first books in the series were by McKuen, but now there are more by other authors. Tiny in size, a collection of sayings by still *other* authors (Mr. Cerf's will be on humor), each sells for $3. McKuen's own books in the series alone have sold more than three million copies. "That's probably more than all the living poets," Mr. Cerf said, "put together."

Mr. Cerf's secretary, Mary Barber, appeared with still more Stanyan books. Mr. Cerf waited until she left. "She's the number six lady tennis player in the world," he said, "and she's the only person who can read my handwriting." He showed it to us—it was terrible. "I never learned to type, you know. Twenty years ago, Donald Klopfer and I decided we were going to learn to type. The school took one look at us and said, 'Nothing doing. You're too old and your hands are too stiff.'

"The book business is changing," Mr. Cerf went on. "Who was it who said that anything that works today is obsolete? The book business has become a banking business. You've got to have capital. Take us and RCA. It's nice, you know, to have a great big umbrella over your head. You don't have to stand out in the sun begging for money. They've lived up to their promise, too. They never try to butt in editorially.

"And," he added, "you've got to have that backlist. That's why the young publishers have such trouble today—the enormous overhead plus no backlist. When I started you could hang out your hat and say, 'I'm a publisher.' Today I would say every major publisher has at least two million dollars out in advances that won't even come in for two or three years. What's the interest on that money? At ten or *eleven* per cent? You figure it out."

We tried. The phone rang. "Hello, Sexy," said Mr. Cerf. He cupped the phone. "It's Helen Meyer of Dell." He uncupped. "No, no, I *didn't*, Helen. Honestly, I never recognize anybody at those parties. I just come in, grab a drink, and go. Twenty-five thousand! Helen! Suppose you were selling, what would you ask for it? What? You're a little white liar, Helen. All right, I'll find out."

He put down the phone and called Miss Barber. "Get Bob Bernstein or Harold Cominsky," he said. He lit his pipe. "Anyway," he said, "it's not only the advances, it's the guarantees. Agents come around with a three-page outline and want a fifty-thousand guarantee. When I was starting, five thousand was a *huge* guarantee. And advances! Advances were supposed to cover an author's living expenses when he was actually writing the book. The trouble with authors today is that they're always living on the next book after the one they're writing now."

We asked him to name some of his biggest successes. He ticked off *In Cold Blood, Portnoy's Complaint, The FBI Story*, Rod McKuen, and then also mentioned *No Time for Sergeants* and *Don't Go Near the Water*. "Those were cases of good editing," he said. "In the first place, I named both of them. I cut *No Time* in half, and *Don't Go* was a book of short stories. I persuaded the author to string them into a novel."

What, we asked, were his worst flops. "Well," he said, "at one time Random had turned down both the number one and number two on the 'future' list. I could have stood one, but not *two*. One of them was *A Lion Is in the Streets*. I went back and got the reader's report. 'Fifty pages of this magnolia-laden crap,' it said, 'is all I can

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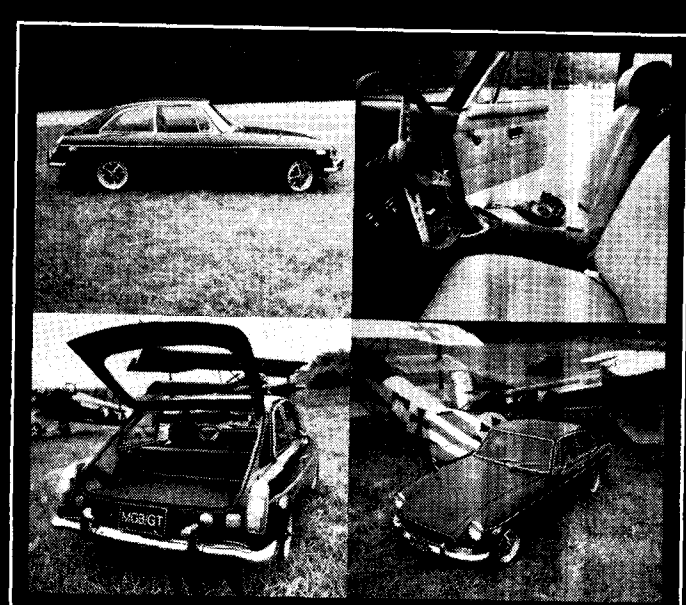

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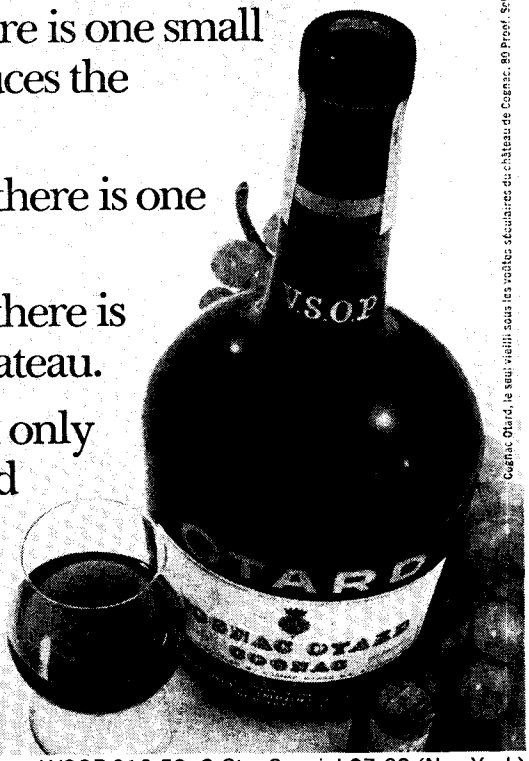
In that area there is one small district that produces the finest cognac.

In that district there is one special village.

In that village there is one renowned chateau.

In that chateau only one cognac is aged and bottled.

Otard VSOP.



Cognac Otard, le seul vieilli sous les voûtes séculaires du château de Cognac. 80 Proof. Schenley Imports Co., N.Y. ® 1970

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take.' I sent that reader a memorandum calling attention to the book's position. 'After this,' I wrote, 'leave the joke-making to Mr. Cerf.' And I signed it just 'Mr. Cerf,' too."

We asked him if it was difficult for him, in interviews and appearances, to try to mention all his authors. "Well," he said, "John O'Hara was the worst. He'd call me and say he'd heard I'd lectured in Columbus, Ohio, and not mentioned him. That's not the Carson show, you understand, that's Columbus, Ohio. But that was O'Hara. But I'll say one thing about John. He always kicked to me—not behind my back. Right to me.

"I think it's a much colder business than it used to be," Mr. Cerf continued, "with much colder business relationships. Michener's *Drifter* is going to be both Book-of-the-Month and Literary Guild, but it's getting harder and harder to sell a first novel—or any novel by a little-known author. It's all best sellers today.

"You know what it really is?" he said. "It's the tragedy of growing old." We told him we thought he was doing it very gracefully. "I'm trying to," he said, "but it's so damn hard." He looked out the window and then swung back. "On my seventieth birthday I had some friends to Mount Kisco, and damned if O'Hara didn't hear about it. He called. 'You didn't even think enough of me to ask me to your birthday party,' he said. 'John,' I said, 'I was thinking of your bad back and the long ride from Princeton.' And you know what John did? The next day he sent me seventy American Beauty roses."

Mr. Cerf picked up his pipe. "You ought to have more puns in your column," he said. "I miss them. For example, if you saw a bakery explode right in front of you, what would you see?" We said we didn't know. "Give up?" he asked. We gave up. "A Napoleon blown-apart," he said. We screamed.

"That's right," he said. "People scream in rage when they hear it—and then run right out and tell it to the next fellow."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1913)

(ART) BUCHWALD:
MY BROADWAY JOURNAL (OR: HOW I GOT 'SHEEP' OFF THE RUNWAY)

I think I'll go over to Broadway just to see how my name reads on the marquee. There it is. All my life I've waited to see my name in lights on Broadway. And now a dream come true—I'm up there—squeezed between *Without a Stitch* and *I Am Curious (Yellow)*.

NATIONAL BEST SELLER!

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"A brave and charming book . . . Are only the Norman Podhoretzes and the Richard Nixons permitted to write reviewable autobiographies? 'DON'T FALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN' is as interesting as *Making It* or *Six Crises;* it is better written than both.

"Miss MacLaine has not employed, and does not need, a ghost. She writes with wit and grace . . . There are hilarious scenes, which have a way of turning into something serious . . . suspense . . . and social comment."
— JOHN LEONARD, *N.Y. Times*

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Every year our Chester Electronics Laboratories, Inc., helps almost half a million students get a better education with dial access information retrieval systems. The railroads are using our KarTrak™ Automatic Car Identification system to keep track of some two million freight cars. And our Data Services Division is the only remote computing organization operating on a national basis that offers four language processors, including APL.

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Experience in providing solutions, not just machines, for information problems. Experience in everything from offering a single remote terminal to running a complex facilities management operation. Experience that can help you get the information you need to answer your questions.

If you have any more questions about us, write to Mr. Leonard A. Muller, President, GT&E Information Systems Inc., Four Corporate Drive, White Plains, N.Y. 10604.

General Telephone & Electronics

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Knights at a Round Table

BRITISH PLAYWRIGHT David Storey's most recent work, *Home*, germinated from the vision of an empty garden table at the end of his drama *The Contractor*. His objective is simple—merely to extend the melancholy atmosphere of that final moment.

To help him do this, Jocelyn Herbert has designed an eloquently austere setting: in the foreground a small white round table and two white metal chairs, all with the paint flaking off; behind, a classical balustrade with a couple of badly eroded balusters, and on the other side of the stage a flagpole with no flag flying. These elements obviously represent a contemporary England that is run down and has lost its illusions of glory and pride in supremacy.

Into this strange environment stroll two men who seem to be from the upper class. They dress correctly with gloves, cane, and hat, and they speak about traditional upper-class topics, such as boarding school life and the character-building value of military service. They also decry the lack of elegance in present-day Britain.

However, they speak in half-finished sentences, and we are never quite sure that they are not putting it all on for each other's benefit. We are not even sure that they are telling the truth about their professions. Jack talks about the distribution of foodstuffs in a wholesale store, and Harry says he is a heating engineer.

Perhaps the truth is unimportant, for what their dialogue achieves is a sense that these two old men have led wasted lives and are now doomed to a lonely and empty old age. Soon they leave and a pair of unkempt crones come in. These women appear to be from the lower class, and their conversation gradually reveals that the play is taking place in a home for the mentally ill. Their uninhibited vulgarity is more funny than sad, and when Jack and Harry return and treat them as ladies, it is clear that the crones' function in the play is to intensify the old men's predicament. Jack and Harry must somehow preserve their illusions of upper-class elegance despite the low and insensitive behavior of the only female companions available to them. It is perhaps this confrontation with insensitivity that reduces the men to tears. The situation implies David Storey's point that class separation in England has now become an alienating and unreal way of life.

So far so good, but Storey has avoided creating any real depth of character for his foursome, and at the same time has chosen not to give them any compellingly urgent crisis. All that ensues, therefore, seems a patently artificial demonstration of surface detail that holds our attention to some extent by its pervasive sadness and moments of absurd humor.

"It's the party-thrower next door. He's waiting for you to complain about the noise so he can concentrate on the party."

The notion of persuading Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson to play Harry and Jack is fascinating. For these two great actors whose careers have been in the traditional mainstream of British theater are themselves beating the danger of being relegated to the old guard. Thus they give a unique extra dimension to *Home*.

On the other hand, Gielgud is innately too acute and intelligent to lapse very convincingly into the picayune concerns and shallow responses of Harry. And, unfortunately, Harry is the straight man, who must again and again reply "Oh, dear" and "Ah, yes" to the observations made by Jack. No matter how lightly he says it, a Gielgud "Ah, yes" is never just a perfunctory formality. It is the desperate sigh of a cracked noble heart or the accurate rapier stab that punctures social absurdities. His understated private grief and wincing dissatisfaction are more moving than anything in the script. Gielgud is also masterly in his timing. When one of the women says something about molasses coming from Malaya, his hesitant, polite "That's rubber, I believe" is exquisitely funny.

The role of Jack is more fully drawn, and Richardson brings to it an inspired sense of the irreconcilability of the dream and the reality. Much of his dialogue consists of familiar aphorisms, which he makes self-negating. ("Experience is a stern master, perhaps the only one," or, "I often think if war had been prolonged another thirty years, we all would have felt the benefit.") One of the women tells us that Jack has been committed for molesting little girls, but we feel from Richardson's performance that this is an aberration too ordinary for this beautifully mysterious actor.

Mona Washbourne, a marvelously sarcastic actress with a calliope laugh, has a merry time as an inmate who unremorsefully tells us about the day she smashed every bit of furniture in her house. Making a nice contrast is Dandy Nichols as her dour, hostile cohort. And Graham Weston as the imbecilic patient who gets his kicks by lifting chairs with one hand supplies what may be a tacit portrait of the stunted rebelliousness of the British laborer.

The whole production has been sensitively orchestrated by director Lindsay Anderson. Nevertheless, we occasionally become conscious that lines are being recited and are not evolving naturally out of the dramatic situation. Presumably this is the playwright's fault and lays him open to charges that he is imitating Beckett and Pinter. However, Storey has stated that he has never seen a Beckett or Pinter play and has not been influenced by them. Indeed his previous plays mark him as a

(*Continued on page* 63)

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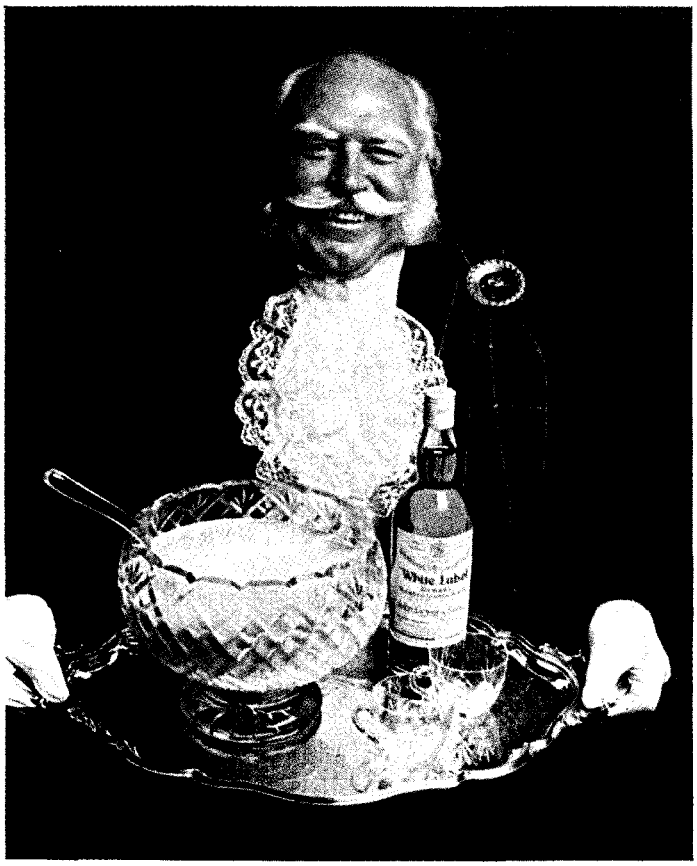

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Saturday Review
December 12, 1970

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI 1970

by PETER SCHRAG

If there was ever an American century, it was the nineteenth; if there was ever an American region, it was the Mississippi. The place and the moment coincided: time and rivers, people and beliefs flowing in upon themselves, fording at the narrows, spreading across the fields, overrunning the banks, down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, up the Missouri, down the Tennessee, spinning dreams and legends before the footprints had washed from the shores, creating eras that lasted no more than a generation, spawning literature—and the hardy clichés of tourism—that resist, even now, the depredations of the Pizza King, the Burger Chef, and the power plant.

The first time I crossed the river—Vicksburg in 1953, Highway 80 going west, sixty miles an hour in an old Studebaker—the misty darkness of the spring night obscured everything but hand-me-down memories: Down there Grant had erected his fortifications, down there his gunboats held the city under siege, down there 3,000 people retreated to the caves in the bluffs to sit out the bombardment.

The cannon thunder rages, shells scream and crash overhead, the iron rain pours down, one hour, two hours, three, possibly six, then stops; silence follows, but the streets are still empty; the silence continues; by and by, a head projects here and there and yonder, and reconnoiters cautiously; the silence still continuing, bodies follow heads, and jaded, half-smothered creatures group themselves about, stretch their cramped limbs, draw in deep draughts of the grateful fresh air, gossip with the neighbors from the next cave; maybe struggle off home presently, or take a lounge through the town, if the stillness continues; and will scurry to the holes again, by and by, when the war tempest breaks forth once more.

Not my private memory, not my words; all borrowed from Mister Mark Twain, who made them up and who, as much as anyone, invented this time and this place. Mister Twain and Tom and Huck and Jim; Mister Handy and the blues; Mister Huey Long getting hisself shot down there in Baton Rouge; Mister Mike Fink on his keelboat—the biggest screamer in the West, half-alligator, half-snapping turtle—can grin the bark off a tree and make the river itself stop dead in its tracks, *whoop, whoop,* gouging his way through river towns and frontier settlements; or, again, the Reverend Brigham Young assembling his Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois, and then getting hisself run out of town by the scandalized citizens, just as he and his people had just been run out of Missouri and Ohio: polygamous freaks of another age searching for their commune. A cast of thousands—boatmen, planters, slaves, boys with rafts and fishing poles—some real, some only imagined (or should one say "only," since invention was often more important than fact and often outlived it?), spilling down those rivers, and then across, and producing along the way the singular American that once we all loved to celebrate. This, if anything, was The Country.

I came back again this fall to see if they were still there, to see, indeed, if the river itself still existed as a genuine presence or whether it flows deep only in the channels of wishful memory. Life on the Mississippi in 1970. The same 1,250,000 square miles draining into a river system, now dammed and leveed and diked, that can take a barge from Cincinnati to St. Paul or the Gulf, can take a man from Lake Itasca to New Orleans, can take thousands of barrels of oil or 70,000 tons of grain 1,500 miles with hardly a snag. Along the levee near Whitfield, Missouri, at Fort Defiance Park in Cairo, and in a thousand other places, the fishing lines still go in every day, the hardier low-grade fish—catfish, carp, buffalo—still jump, defying effluents and pesticides, and the people, often as not, segregate themselves, black from white, with the barrier of a bridge or dike, or with invisible lines that demarcate the black man's fish from the white's. And in bypassed towns such as Louisiana, Missouri, or Clarksville or even Hannibal, which has turned Mark Twain into a tourist industry, the old men still amble down to the waterfront to watch the barges go by and to engage, as one of them said, in "talkin' and lyin', talkin' and lyin' "; while, from time to time, farm boys from Illinois or Tennessee or Mississippi still come to the river to sign

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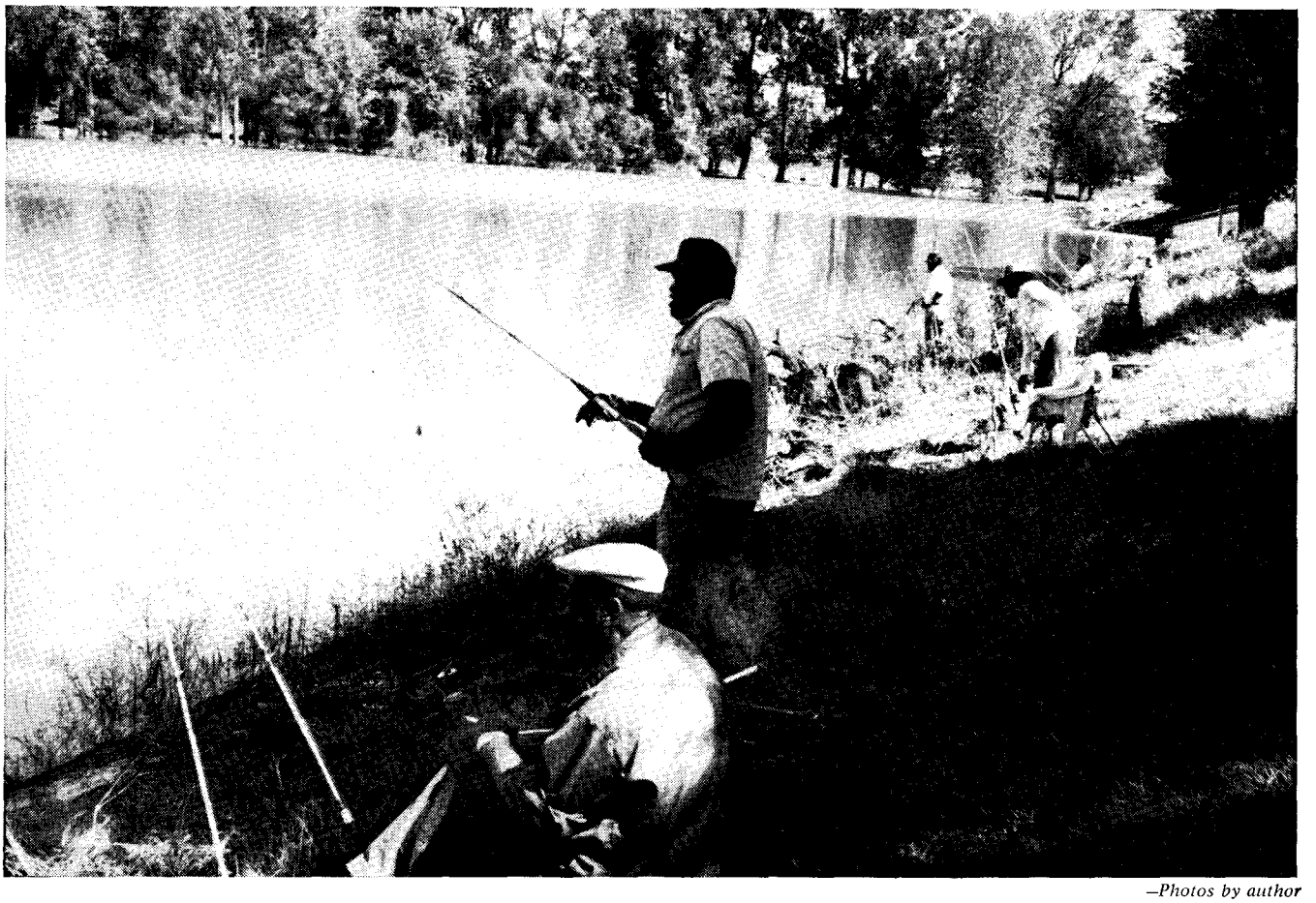

—*Photos by author*

"The fishing lines still go in every day, and hardier low-grade fish still jump, defying effluents and pesticides, and people segregate themselves, black from white, with the barrier of a bridge or a dike."

on as hands with the barge lines—$27 a day or $330 a month with twenty days off for every thirty worked—shuttling with their cargoes from lock to lock, swapping stories with the lockmen, telling which skipper is a fool and which is a good man, asking about other tows, asking what happened to the *Bald Eagle* and her string of barges stuck against a bridge below the town or to a pilot or an engineer who used to work for Valley Barge above St. Louis. For many of them, however, the river has become a science, dredged, marked, and controlled, a thing to be judged by levels and distances, by locks and dams —is it rising or going down? what is the difference between water level in the pool, the reservoir behind the dam, and the tail below the huge gates that hold the water back to maintain a safe channel?—navigated now by radar and radio and map and only rarely by the reports of other pilots.

All along the river the men who work its tows, its locks, and its bridges live in a double realm in which the immediacy of electronic equipment, heavy engines, precise measurements, and reports on radio and television co-exists with the ineffable mysteries of tradition and lore. The river itself is a ritual —always has been—but the ritual is relentlessly interrupted by reports from the loudspeaker and the tube. At a railroad bridge above Hannibal that must be opened and closed to allow traffic to pass, the bridge operator, his Corvette parked against the bank, sits beside his electronic gear, his teletype printer, his lights and whistles—alone for most of the eight hours of his working day—watching the St. Louis Cardinals beating the Washington Redskins in a televised football game, and casting a careful eye upstream after every play to check for the approach of tows coming down, a human rhythm exacted by the cycle of the game and the relentless demands of the stream.

And at Lock and Dam 22 just below Saverton, Missouri, a man named Jim Tutor, who shuttles between his job at the lock and his eighty-acre dairy farm in nearby New London, talks without self-consciousness about his love of the river, about the changes in the water, and about the artifacts of time and place that the water brings into his life: "Now it's like a pond, but when the wind starts, the whitecaps are up in minutes. I can sit here and watch the sun come up—right now it comes up over there—that place on the Illinois shore, and with the colors on the leaves it's really something. In the winter there's the ice, and in spring the ice breaking up, always something new."

Jim Tutor, lean, open, easygoing, is the kind of person that visitors of the nineteenth century always regarded as the genuine American, and in the slow hours at the lock he will, without much prompting, tell you about his work, his family, his aspirations, and about the kinds of personal experience that form the roots of social belief and political behavior in America. He asks why kids are so dissatisfied, but he also understands that while his life seems to be right, life is not right for many others, that they do not have his sense of place, his opportunity to plan. For him it is the river that makes things right: "People just don't appreciate it. They don't know that without the river they wouldn't have any water, wouldn't have much of anything." On the back of his truck are two stickers. One is an appeal to stop polluting the river. The other says: AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.

People just don't appreciate it. A century ago Mark Twain observed that "nearly all the river towns, big and little, have made up their minds that they must look mainly to railroads for wealth and upbuilding, henceforth. They are acting upon this idea. The signs are that the next twenty years will bring about some noteworthy changes in the valley, in the direction

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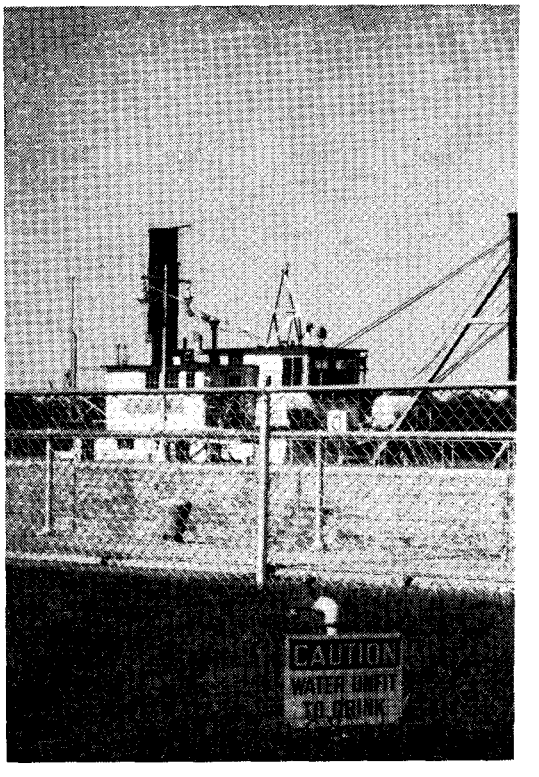
of increased population, and in the intellectual advancement and the liberalizing of opinion that go naturally with these. And yet, if one may judge by the past, the river towns will manage to find and use a chance, here and there, to cripple and retard their progress. They kept themselves back in the days of steamboating supremacy, by a system of wharfage dues so stupidly graded as to prohibit what may be called *retail* traffic in boats and passengers."

Mister Clemens hedged his bet, and so he came out right on both ends. The railroads came, bringing depots and repair shops and shipping points where grain, cotton, and lumber were loaded from boats to trains and shipped to the interior; the entrepreneurs of Hannibal thrived by floating lumber from Wisconsin down the river, cutting it up, and shipping it west on a locally owned railroad. At the same time, Cairo flourished at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and at the conjunction of rail and river lines; in the Twenties, Cairo had a population of nearly 20,000 people and expected to grow indefinitely. And along with the railroads came industry—shoe and glove factories, lumber mills, and the retail establishments of the river front and the farmers' market. But even in that prosperity there was no permanence, and in the resulting "liberalizing of opinion" there was pigheadedness. Now the old factories are closing or have already closed, the trains and barges are passing the small towns by, and the river front, often as not, is populated by ghosts: abandoned warehouses and shops, gutted plants, and old men who remember better days. In the past decade, many of the smaller towns lost population and jobs: Hannibal dropped from 20,000 to 18,000; Quincy is down—from 44,000 to 42,000; and Cairo, which had shrunk to 9,200 by 1960, now has a population of 6,100 and has become a rundown, frightened city.

Cairo: They call themselves the gateway to the South, and they advertise the fact that the town is farther south than Richmond, that the adjacent counties are the only regions in Illinois that grow cotton, and that the streets are graced by magnolias and mimosas. What the Chamber of Commerce does not say is that the city has become notorious for its racial violence, its economic decay, and its social desperation. Cairo is not representative of the South or of the river, but it illustrates what happens to time and place when the fantasies of river-fed prosperity inundate civic decency and economic sense. Cairo was facing south when it should have been facing north; it was, and is, facing the nineteenth century when it should have faced the twentieth. Here and in many other river towns Mark Twain's prophecy was borne out: To protect existing local industry, to hold down wages, or simply to preserve the river-washed somnambulance of the genteel life, the leading citizens actively discouraged new industry and resisted even the minimal standards of social justice that the rest of the country has tried to adopt. Textbook clichés of history and geography created a bemusement that bordered on paralysis. Inevitably, said the conventional wisdom, any community located at the confluence of two great rivers will enjoy a prosperous economic life; naturally, black people will settle for second-class citizenship; properly, social harmony in a community must be established according to the standards of the "better people."

Cairo is becoming a ghost town, suffering not only the general economic decline of a place that is being passed by, but also a major boycott of downtown merchants by its own black community, which represents about 32 per cent of the population and which has been unable to secure even a minimum of decent jobs. As a consequence, the city has suffered a series of racial confrontations—shootings, marches, vigilantism, and, for a brief period, rule by martial law. The black people have heard the call of the twentieth century, but many whites have not. People like David Cain, the new publisher of the Cairo *Evening Citizen*, talk hopefully about the possibilities of economic revival, about the blessings of a new interstate highway that will pass near the city—when it is built, perhaps in five years—but they concede that many of their fellow citizens are still living in another age, waiting, maybe, for the boats to stop again, for the factories to come back, for the black community to return to its ante bellum subservience. A few miles north of the city in a town called Thebes, a pre-Civil War courthouse stands on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi. After his escape from slavery and his recapture, Dred Scott was incarcerated there. The courthouse is now a museum, but on its door someone from the local poverty program has tacked a notice urging young men and women to join Operation Green Thumb, a project for high school dropouts conducted by the Neighborhood Youth Corps. And on the Ohio River levee at Cairo someone has painted a string of peace symbols and the slogan "Make Love Not War," but no one seemed to know who had done it. The river can be channeled and controlled. But the sentiments of an age, though underground, seem to be irresistible.

Sometimes it is hard to know where one is, and even harder to tell time. Where change is welcomed, it often defaces the symbols of the past; where it is not, it destroys them. The diners, the motels, the drive-ins snap at the heels of plantation houses and ante bellum museums, and the news from Washington overwhelms the gossip of Water Street. The greatest calamity currently facing the cotton growers of the Delta—the Mississippi region that extends from Memphis to Vicksburg—is not the boll weevil or the declining market for cotton, but the possibility that the federal government will restrict its support payments to a maximum of $55,000 per grower. Men whose Congressional representatives like nothing so much as attacking handouts and celebrating the virtues of capitalism and economic independence are struggling to preserve their part of the action. Their plantations are mechanized; they no longer depend on the labor of black field hands (many of whom, having followed the shortest route north, are now in Chicago and St. Louis and Detroit), but they do depend on the protection and subsidies of that most contemptible of institutions, "the government in Washington." While the tourists go through the old plantation homes, tripping over Spanish moss and Southern sentiment, the growers are wondering if they should start planting soybeans instead of cotton, wondering if their friends on the Agriculture Committee will come to the rescue, wondering if the legions



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of Congress will not be more devastating than the armies of Sherman and Grant.

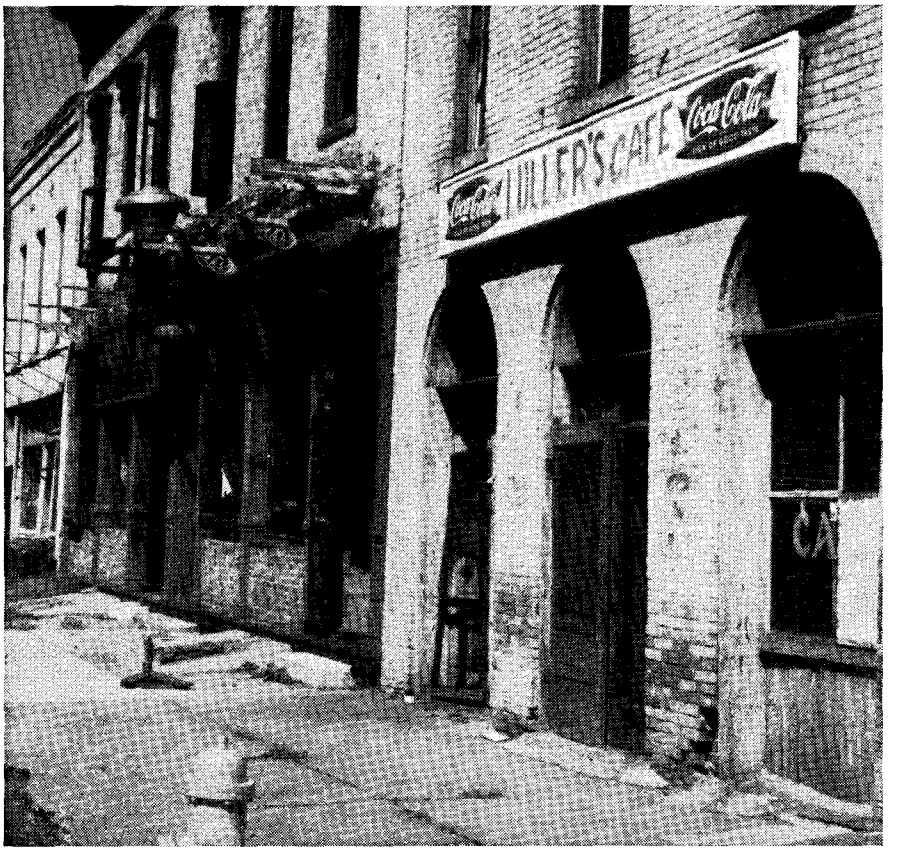
Time and place: Obviously, the river has produced its own kind of high prosperity, and that prosperity has frequently enriched already attractive communities along the levee, but it is not the sort of success glorified by dream and legend. In its course from Minnesota to the Gulf, there are stretches where the Mississippi is lined with industry: oil refineries, grain elevators, fertilizer plants, barge terminals, and where the towns are surrounded by new shopping centers, libraries, and schools, but if they belong to any community, it is national or international, not local, and if they stimulate any corner of the imagination, it is technocratic rather than humanistic. What made the river such a powerfully integrating force was its ability to link the realms of "serious" adult endeavor—the riverboat, the plantation, the war to preserve the Union—with the play of childhood, with the process of growing up, and with the belief that rich, open land also promised rich, open lives. In some of the smaller cities, there are people who believe that all those dreams are still possible, that Hannibal, for example, is still a "good place to grow up in," and that in the increasing concern for the amenities of life and in the mounting disenchantment with large cities, the town that offers hunting and fishing and the apparent civilities of the small community will come back.

And yet, for the moment, the evidence does not support the hope. In Hannibal, the high school students all speak cheerfully about the blessings of their city and their river, about how "everyone knows everyone else," about the "great school spirit," about how "we're well brought up," but none of them have any intention of staying, or, eventually, of coming back. The kids are not radicals, and often they proudly explain that there are no freaks or hippies around, but anyone who talks to them long enough understands that "progress" can be as divisive as decay, that the kind of industry that means jobs and prosperity also separates men from their river and dictates activities in which the fantasies and passions of childhood have no place. Forty years ago being a boy on the Mississippi was probably not so different from what it was a century before, and there are still people who recall swimming across the stream and exploring the sandbars and islands and beaches on the other side. They recall school outings on the steamboat to Keokuk and, later, excursion steamers with their big dance floors and their bands—"the best orchestras in the country." Now it is all gone. The dams and levees on the Upper River have destroyed many of the beaches, the cities and industries on its banks have polluted the water, and technology itself has brought other attractions. There are still kids who use the river, who fish from its banks or watch the barges going by, but the big sport requires a motorboat and a pair of water skis, and the big dream—in the few instances where a big dream exists—is not to sign on to a riverboat or take off for the romance of Memphis and New Orleans, but to hit the road—to go west or north—and, most of all, to get out.

In Hannibal, the superintendent of schools speaks proudly about his system's low dropout rate, about its modern facilities, about its with-it-ness, but he has no retort to the suggestion that Huck Finn, the most celebrated character of the Mississippi, was a dropout, too. The river is no longer an option.

Perhaps the differences are minor. Huck also wanted to hit the road, to light out for the territories, and *Life on the Mississippi* itself was written in Hartford, Connecticut. Perhaps indeed the whole romance of the river and of the lives around it was nothing but a fabrication of sentimental hindsight. Attempts to restore "history" result, almost inevitably, in a form of comstockery, in a cleaning-up that emphasizes the positive at the expense of the unpleasant. In Hannibal, they've turned the Laura Hawkins ("Becky Thatcher") House into a museum and bookstore displaying what I suppose is called Victorian charm (complete with a recorded girl's voice) but disregarding the more significant fact that in the 1840s life must have been something more than girl-boy romances and sunny afternoons with a fishing pole. (The restoration also ignores the fact that in the 1920s this house and many others in town were saloons and brothels serving the men who worked on the railroad.) Inevitably the official, advertised version of the past also disregards its victims—the sons of slaves, for example—and the practices that kept them in subjugation.

And yet, even if those things are recognized, it seems nonetheless true that there was a time when, for better or worse, the styles and sensibilities of this region grew on their own terms, when they flowed out to enrich the rest of the nation, and when the things that flowed in were adapted and transformed for local use. Sometimes the settlers fancied themselves Greeks and Romans, gave their towns classical names—Palmyra and Thebes, Cairo and Memphis—built Greek-revival houses, and, when they could, tried to fashion or imitate a slave-supported elegance. But along with these



"The old factories are closed or closing, the trains and barges are passing the small towns by, and the river front . . . is populated by ghosts."

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Apartments on the river front in St. Louis. "From the twenty-fifth floor the river is an abstraction."

manifestations there were also an indigenous architecture, an innate style of life, and a set of aspirations that valued enterprise and small-town decency in equal proportions, and that regarded technology not as an impersonal force but simply as a way of making man's labor less burdensome. The river had always mitigated provincialism, because, as someone in Quincy said, "You always knew there was something at the other end—north and south," and it always suggested that fortune and adventure, though they might be distant, were personally accessible, that they might, indeed, begin at the water's edge. The American dream was often an extension of the reveries of the river.

"Progress" has reversed the aspirations. Forty years ago the Mississippi was a presence, a monster that could flood cities, tear away bridges, and irrevocably alter individual lives. Living on the Mississippi was like living under a volcano. For some people in some places that fact hasn't changed. But for most, the great forces are now those that come from the outside: the factory that moves in or the company that moves away; wars in distant places; economic and social dislocations that may hit home but that originate not only in the distance but often in regions and forces that cannot even be conceived. "I grew up near here," said a forty-year-old factory worker in Quincy, "but I didn't know beans about anything until I got drafted into the Korean War." People in the offices of the Chamber of Commerce talk about employers coming in or moving out, and they proudly advertise the attractions of the area for settlers and tourists: summer tours of the river, a library, Mark Twain's restored home, a plantation house, the site of a Civil War battle, or a onetime stern-wheeler now converted into a museum and restaurant. At the same time, the economy and technology itself (or, on occasion, simple fear) seem to make it difficult to contemplate major local initiative, to consider the idea that local banks will promote local industry, improved local housing, or simply local amenities. There is endless rhetoric about free enterprise, about the virtues of work and community action, but there is, in place after place, overwhelming evidence that the things that matter are decided somewhere else, that the river, and much of America with it, has become an economic colony controlled by absentee owners.

Much of the river is unbelievably beautiful, twisting and changing with time and place; and yet, despite its fishermen, its water skiers, and its tourism, the Mississippi is the world's biggest industrial canal. In St. Louis, near the arch that is supposed to be a memorial to Jefferson, there is an elegant modern apartment complex, said to be the only one of its kind along that part of the river. From its windows and balconies there is an expansive view of the Mississippi immediately to the east; on summer evenings, one can look out on the parking lot immediately below, at the yellow slicks emanating from the mills upstream, and at the belching plants of East St. Louis. The complex has its own swimming pools and a full schedule of social and cultural activities conducted on the premises, and the management insists on a thorough "security check" before renting to anyone. This, one might suppose, is also life on the Mississippi, but it is as antiseptic, as synthetic, and as air-conditioned as "modern" existence anywhere else. From the twenty-fifth floor, the river is an abstraction.

Because the highways now take the traffic inland, around little towns and away from the old neighborhoods, the river often preserves its secrets, not only from the visitor but from the residents. Behind the railroad tracks of small cities, behind warehouses and factories no longer used, the shantytowns survive with their unpaved streets, their acquiescent Negroes, and their angry children. If Hannibal, for example, is aware that it has a ghetto where black and white poor co-exist uneasily side by side, few people will speak of it, and those who do are often ignored. It is hard to know how life is lived in "The Bottoms," but it is clear that if time has changed on the Mississippi, there are places it has left behind, that in the bayous of Louisiana and the dusty towns of the Delta the first steps of racial progress remain hesitant and uncertain, and economic growth a distant hope. "Progress" itself—the new road, the new plant, the new airport, the traffic on the river—is not merely creating prosperity but rendering the poverty and backwardness that remain invisible. All along the river there are ghost towns and ghost towns-to-be. Off Route 79 in Missouri the community of Monkey Run survives as a town of old people, most of them retired workers—at a cement plant that once employed several thousand and now has jobs for two hundred—cultivating gardens, raising chickens, and contemplating the old days when Monkey Run and the adjacent company town of Ilasco were thriving communities of groceries, flour mills, slaughterhouses, and saloons. Ilasco now consists of two churches, a store, and the cellar holes of the homes of its former inhabitants. It is dead, closed by order of the company.

In talking to people along the river, it is difficult to resist the sentimental idea—which we all learned in childhood—that this is the mainstream of America, and harder still not to see a legend in every stick that floats downstream, in every old house, and in every conversation on Commercial Street. In one city on the river, a young man from New York came to edit the local newspaper, because, as he put it, "here you still feel you can do something. Maybe you can still be a William Allen White running an *Emporia Gazette*." And yet it is even harder to argue away the feeling that the country is sorting itself out—has, indeed, already done so; that the nation's skill, talent, and energy do not represent the river or the small town but the ideas and institutions of national industries, national government, and the national media. People on the river rarely lived in isolation, but they created values and ideas on their own terms. Now they are confronted by the choice between, on the one hand, staying put and becoming outsiders in their own place or, on the other, packing their ideological bags and moving on. The river, once the greatest force between St. Paul and New Orleans, is now subject to forces from far beyond. The Mississippi is what we wanted to be, but it is not what we have become. Political rhetoric may—with varying degrees of honest confusion—still play to the sentiment of "Middle America." But this middle, at any rate, survives only as a major outpost of national industrial empires, of national television, and of music and ideas created somewhere else. Where life on the Mississippi tries to emulate the life of the past it dies. And where it lives it must, inevitably, become part of something else.

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Saturday Review

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East Pakistan and the U.S.

Weeks after the first news of the tidal waves in East Pakistan, the full extent of the disaster is only now coming into focus. Whole islands, along with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, have disappeared into the sea. A million survivors in varying stages of hunger, homelessness, disease, and disability are still struggling to stay alive.

The Pakistan government has replied to criticism of its seemingly undersized response to the catastrophe by saying that it is doing as much as its own resources permit, considering the suddenness and scope of the devastation. The question for outsiders, however, is not whether the Pakistan government is doing too little but whether the rest of the world is doing enough. Ten helicopters are attempting to supply a population the size of San Francisco spread out over an area the size of Arkansas. Fresh water is the most critical shortage; the existing supply has been polluted by sea water and by decomposing bodies.

At this writing, no coordinated relief program is in evidence. A superabundance of marginal relief materials is piling up on the docks while other desperately needed supplies have yet to arrive. Tons of expensive vaccines to guard against cholera and other diseases are on hand—far more than can possibly be used. Meanwhile, people are dying for want of simple drinking water and food.

The government of the United States has allocated $10-million for relief and has encouraged the formation of a citizens committee to raise more money from the American people. The essential question to be asked here, of course, is whether these actions by the United States are proportionate to the need. The amount given to Pakistan relief by the White House comes to less than the United States spends in Vietnam for military operations in half a day.

The main reason given by the United States for its prodigious military commitment in Vietnam is that the U.S. is determined to protect the right of people to a government of their own choosing. Should we be any less determined to protect the right of people to life itself? We are primed for instant action against Communist threats or incursions in the international arena. Why don't we spring into action when people are homeless or hungry? Why should our compassion reflexes be less developed than our political reflexes? The greatest danger we face in the world today is not that we may be outmaneuvered by communism but that we may be losing our standing in the eyes of the world's peoples because our muscles are far more potent than our consciences. We send warships, jet fighters, and armed men into troubled zones if there is any danger that our national interests may be affected. Why don't we load our warships and all available freighters with food, medicines, and fresh water for a mercy mission to the people of East Pakistan? No one can say we do not have the food. We have so much food that we

(*Continued on page* 48)

"Radicals" and Mr. Ciardi

Some weeks ago, John Ciardi, *SR*'s poetry editor, was named on a list of "radicals" compiled by the House Internal Security Committee. These "radicals," according to the statement, have lectured with considerable frequency before college audiences. It seemed clear that the term "radical" was a euphemism for "subversive."

The House statement did not take the form of a regular release. It was leaked to the press after a federal court order prohibited the announcement. Be that as it may, the story was prominently featured in all the news media.

How does a man defend himself against such a charge? Mr. Ciardi was given no opportunity to examine any evidence or to make any statement. Part of his income comes from lecturing. As a result of the HISC statement, colleges have now been provided with what in effect is a black list of speakers. It can be anticipated that some of these colleges will try to avoid any difficulty or unpleasantness by withholding speaking invitations from persons named on the list.

Two weeks ago, Edward J. Patten, member of Congress from New Jersey, announced in the House that he had undertaken an investigation of the charge against John Ciardi, who lives in his district. Congressman Patten reported that "there is not one single bit of evidence to justify Ciardi's name on the list."

Apart from an inconspicuous item in the Perth Amboy (N.J.) *News/Tribune*, Congressman Patten's statement has received no public attention of which we are aware. The original accusation was blared forth on television, radio, and the front page of newspapers. Is equal time a nicety reserved only for politicians engaged in political controversy? Is a man's reputation and standing of less consequence than a politician's right to strike back? In any definition of un-Americanism, can we exclude the propensity of the communications media for highlighting defamatory charges and then ignoring or minimizing errors in those charges?

So far, there has been no HISC apology to Mr. Ciardi. What is even more serious, of course, is the fact that Congressman Patten was able to speak for just one man on the list. Who will speak for the others?

The key question in this entire episode applies to those members of the Congressional committee who, in the act of upholding the institutions of this country, do not hesitate to ignore court orders that seek to protect the basic rights of American citizens. The job of scrutinizing patriotism requires certain credentials. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

The Drug Problem

HORACE SUTTON is to be congratulated for his article "Drugs: Ten Years to Doomsday?" [*SR*, Nov. 14]. He correctly points out that there is a large body of scientific evidence that marijuana is not an innocuous drug. In a paper presented recently at the annual meeting of the Eastern Psychiatric Research Association, I reported on the results of a survey of 75,000 university students at a Middle Atlantic university. The following facts emerged: Marijuana was the first illicit drug used and the most widely used illicit drug, being employed by more than 80 per cent of drug users; also two-thirds of drug users employed more than one drug. These facts, taken together, lead inescapably to the conclusion that marijuana is the first step in the direction of drug abuse.

DORIS H. MILMAN, M.D.,
Associate Professor,
Pediatric Psychiatry,
State University—Kings County
Hospital Center,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

HORACE SUTTON'S recent article was without a doubt the most irresponsible piece of journalism I have ever read in *SR*.

Richard Nixon's crackdown on marijuana started more young people on "speed" and other hard synthetic drugs than a dope pusher could ever hope to keep supplied. . . . Young people will continue to use and abuse drugs until a reliable and rational voice explains the great difference between a mild plant and a deadly chemical derivative. The longer the funds and the facts of scientific research are withheld, the longer the problem will continue to spiral.

DOUGLAS R. SHANE,
Bath, Ont.

HORACE SUTTON'S article on the drug problem should make us ashamed of our generation. How did we ever let this get away from us so far and so deep? And we are still letting the youngsters down. The problem has been handled by the "do nothing" bureaucracy long enough and should be taken out of their hands. They have failed. . . . Why not draft the Townsends, the Connors, the Fords, or the Naders of this country to wipe this mess up?

N. ROSENSTEIN,
West Hartford, Conn.

IN HIS ARTICLE on the drug problem, Horace Sutton utilizes the popular simplistic approach to the narcotics question that does more to obscure the issue than help to deal with it. At no time does he approach the basic question of why the drug problem; at no time does he explore solutions in anything but legalities.

We do not need to repeat the stock list of reasons for drug use; we need complete and unbiased explanations of these reasons. We do not need recitations of the statutes concerning dope smuggling; we need alternative approaches to replace those that are not working. Until we move from tradition to innovation, and from the sensational to the realistic, we cannot expect any true success in dealing with this problem.

ROBERT SMITHERS,
Bloomington, Ind.

AS A DIRECTOR of a drug abuse unit at the Veterans Administration Hospital here, I have the responsibility for the continuing education of the staff of that unit. The recent article by Horace Sutton, in my opinion, is one of the best to appear in a lay publication. Will reprints of the article be available?

STEWART G. ARMITAGE, PH.D.,
Chief, Psychology Service,
Veterans Administration Hospital,
Battle Creek, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints are available at 20 cents each by writing to Public Affairs Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

Remaking Congress

RE: Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Making Congress More Effective" [*SR*, Oct. 31]. I wonder if the proposed medicine is strong enough for the malady. To hope that Congress will reform itself is too optimistic.

The seniority system is at the heart of the problem. Maybe more accurately it is the politics of re-election. Why not make a direct attack? Let's place a limitation on the number of consecutive years a Congressman may hold office; I'm confident that we can come up with 435 people no less competent than those we have now.

Our real interest ought to be in opening the system up. Representatives won't be any more liberal or conservative because terms are limited. Hopefully, Congress would be more responsive and Congressmen less inclined to take the view that they have a vested interest in what they do and how they vote, since there would be no such thing as voting in a manner designed to perpetuate one's self in office.

DANIEL R. BROWN,
Lansing, Mich.

No Mean Green Grandstand

IT WAS A GREAT PLEASURE to come upon David Butwin's "Kultur on the Ohio" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Nov. 14] and to see that he had been a recent visitor to Cincinnati. For those of his readers who also follow events in the world of grand opera, I feel I must point out that the famous Cincinnati Summer Opera will present its 1971 season (June, July) at the zoo in the 2,800-seat pavilion, which was developed from a band shell of fifty years ago but is far from a "little green grandstand" as Mr. Butwin put it. The Cincinnati Opera Company is indeed scheduled to move to beautiful Music Hall, but the move will probably not take place until sometime in 1972.

BARBARA HUNT,
Cincinnati, O.

"You smell of mothballs."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Triumph of the Actor

"Actors," Alfred Hitchcock once remarked, "are cattle." "My actors," Ingmar Bergman has said, "are my staff." But for John Cassavetes, the unorthodox director-writer and co-star of *Husbands*, actors are his collaborators, an integral part of the process of creating a film. Cassavetes began his breakaway from traditional film-making with *Shadows*, an improvisational effort that had much to do with sparking an independent and underground cinematic surge in this country and elsewhere. After a couple of attempts to do it Hollywood's way, Cassavetes once more broke new ground with *Faces*, a film about marital misfits that was at times static but always relentlessly searching and honest. *Husbands*, however, towers above the other two and amounts to a triumphant demonstration of the validity of his methods.

The film is not always easy to take. It is long. Its co-stars, Ben Gazzara and Peter Falk, are allowed indulgences that would frighten most directors into breaking their contracts. There is not much in the way of plot and narrative excitement to glue audiences to their seats. What one gets instead is the distinct feeling one has participated for a time in the lives of some genuinely real people.

In particular, there are three suburban middle-class husbands, all mired in their jobs and professions and responsibilities to their families. They ride the Long Island Rail Road to and fro each day. There was a fourth, but he died suddenly, and his funeral shocks them into an awareness of their fading youth, and off they go on a bust for an illusory freedom, heading first for surcease in a series of bars and then flying off to London for further escapades. Very often funny, even hilarious, there is not a single moment of farce; the humor arises from recognition of human fault and frailty, and each laugh could just as easily be a tear. The men, not always clear in their own minds as to why they do what they do, sometimes behave like college freshmen on a wild weekend; they are thoughtlessly cruel and boyishly delightful. Adolescents at heart, they are unprepared to make peace with reality. They are achingly sad and essentially lovable. But everyone in the film is human, and this in itself is enough to make *Husbands* revolutionary.

It is probably apropos to go into how this was done, for here is a film that should cause repercussions. Until now, Cassavetes worked on minuscule budgets raised by himself. With the success of *Faces*, he was given the backing of Columbia Pictures to make a film his own way with considerable financial resources. Perhaps a fourth of the film is entirely improvised. There was a script. Cassavetes used it as the basis of lengthy rehearsals with his principal collaborators, Gazzara and Falk. All three are actors who began by utilizing the "method" approach, one that involves a close identification with the character played and improvisational exercises to create "reality."

Improvisation, when utilized by people of limited talent, has led, often enough, to banality and dullness, particularly in the live theater. Its potential for film is greater, because film can be reshot and edited. All actors know, and directors, too, that discoveries can be made and hitherto unsuspected illuminations added to an author's conceptions through improvisational means. But it is very, very dangerous. Actors also know that their "commercial" work in films and television limits them to the demands of the script and that there is more inside them that, in the right circumstances, can be brought out.

With *Husbands*, Cassavetes was able to provide these circumstances. Not only were the scenes rehearsed, rewritten, and replayed until all felt a moment of truth had been reached, but the actors were encouraged to connect themselves with their characters. Gazzara is absolutely stunning as Harry, a mixed-up art director, sexually unsated at home, sadistic in his frustration, arrogant, bombastic, yet warm and charming. Is Harry Gazzara, or Gazzara Harry? The fusing seems complete. Falk, as Archie, is more sensitive, a complicated fellow, unsure, perhaps afraid of his feelings. Cassavetes is Gus, the good guy, a delightful pal, bubbling with mockery of his life-style, but eventually faithful to its mores. It's wondrous acting—living human beings created before our eyes. There are moments when we might find Harry, Archie, and Gus painful, silly, even a little boring, but they are neither faces nor shadows, for they have been called into literal existence.

Others, too. Extras brought in for atmosphere, to speak a line, found themselves encouraged to become people, and, when they responded, the story line was allowed to drift away in favor of the genuine moment. In lesser hands, this kind of thing would have been disastrous. It was almost disastrous for Cassavetes, who found that he had shot a film that was more than twelve hours long. He edited it down to half that length and, after a year and a half of toil, brought it to its present two hours and twenty minutes, a film entirely dominated by the talent, energy, and power of its main actors, all three so good, so great, that Hollywood will be in a quandary come Academy Award time.

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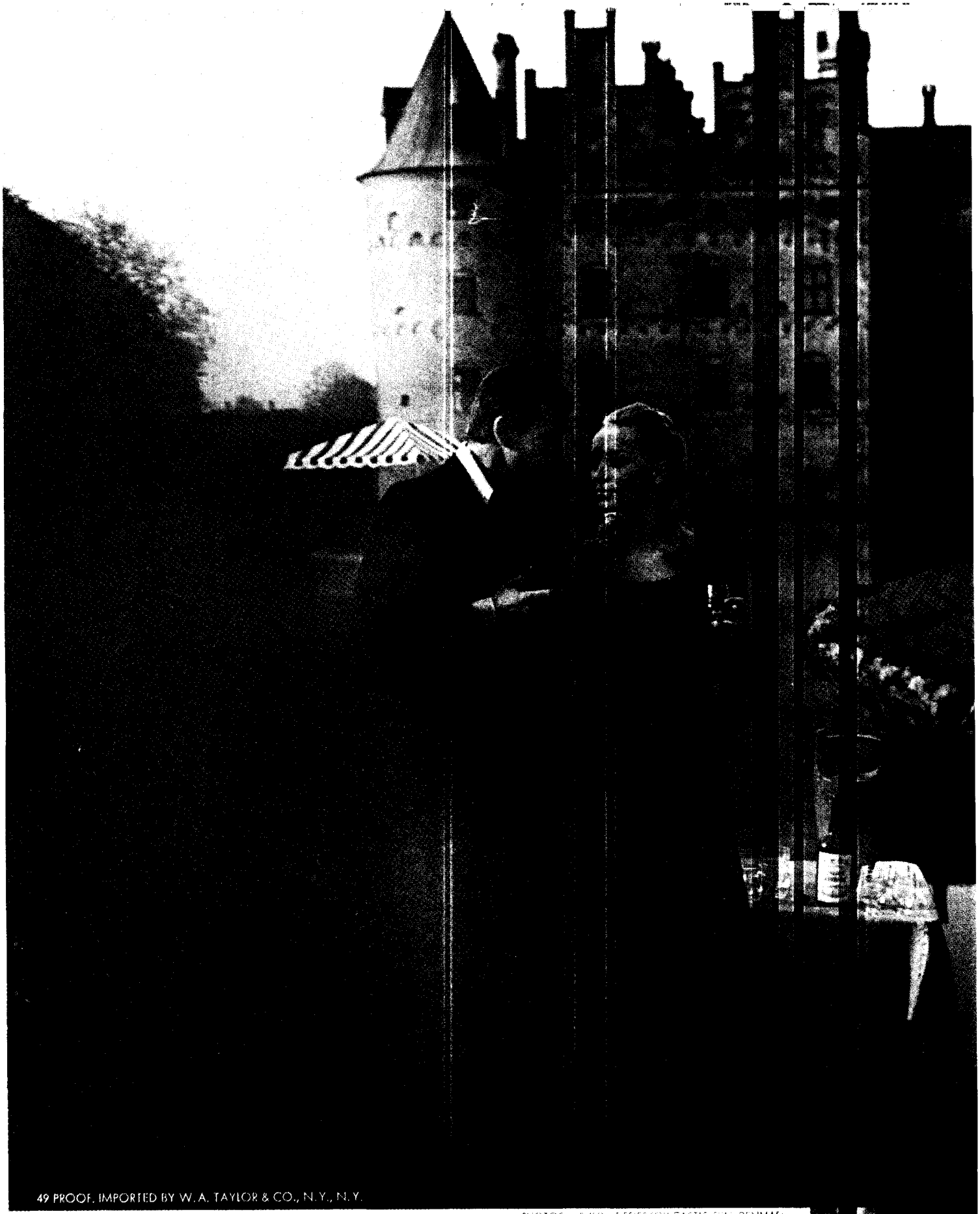

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Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.
Cherry Heering.

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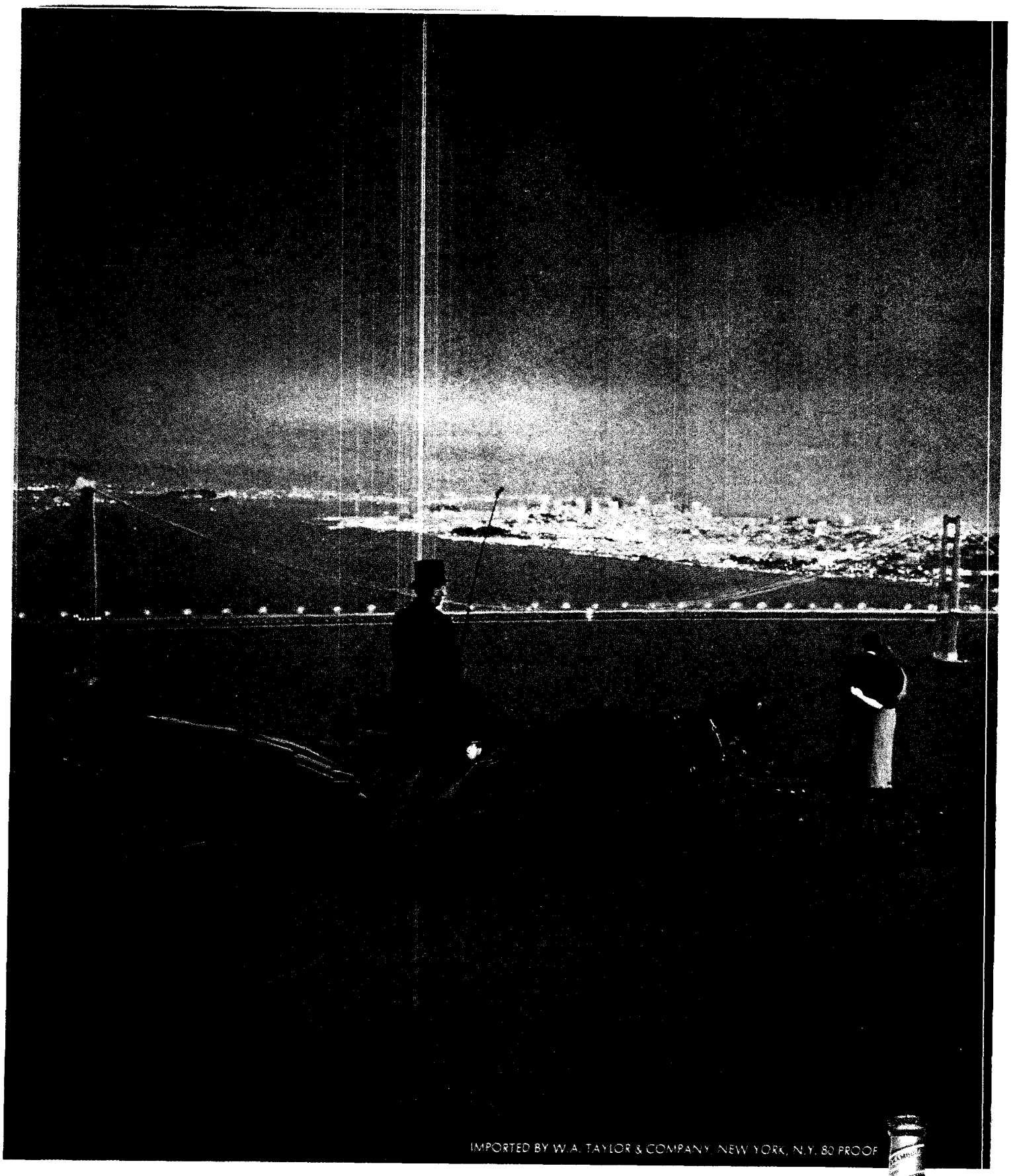

Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.

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The Shadows Cast by Chicago

by HENRY S. RESNIK

THE BARNYARD EPITHET AND OTHER OBSCENITIES: Notes on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, by J. Anthony Lukas *(Harper & Row, 107 pp., $4.95);* **THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL, edited by Judy Clavir and John Spitzer** *(Bobbs-Merrill, 615 pp., $10, paperback $5.50);* **THE GREAT CONSPIRACY TRIAL, by Jason Epstein** *(Random House, 433 pp., $7.95);* **TRIAL, by Tom Hayden** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 168 pp., $4.95, paperback $1.95)*

Chicago. The Democratic National Convention. The Yippies' Festival of Life. The "riots." So frenetic is the pace of events that Chicago 1968 could have happened twenty years ago, not two. These books vividly recall that particular tremor of revolution, however, and bring it into focus as a crucial moment in the division of our country, a moment one wishes we could live over again and do right this time, but a moment poisoned by destiny. It seems now that Chicago marked the point when men of conscience could no longer accept what America had become. Chicago, one realizes, was the beginning of a new era—of repressive crackdowns on dissent, of political trials in malevolent courts.

Few of us could have known this at the time, as we watched Chicago on our little screens. We are media-blinded. Chicago was just another incident. Some say the government's attempts to eradicate the Panthers, stifle the student movement, and throttle the news are mere firmness toward disruption. But the Chicago conspiracy trial, the Nixon administration's first major effort to show Middle America that it would enforce law and order, seems to have been the beginning of a new period in a peculiarly American kind of repression—isolated repression, sporadic, supported by the majority. It is happening right now in New York, New Haven, and Tacoma, to black and white alike.

Somehow the Chicago trial is on its way toward surviving the media death-rays, which usually pulverize history into a meaningless pile of scattered images, and emerging as a truly epic event. These books will help the process; the trial seems more real in book form than it ever did in the mass media. One can pause to absorb it, to reflect, to draw parallels, even to wonder, for it still has a distinctly larger-than-life quality. It was the modern equivalent of Greek theater—magical, totally involving. If there were no other record of our time, the trial transcript alone could define mid-century America. "In choosing the eight of us," said Rennie Davis, one of the defendants, "the government has lumped together all the strands of dissent in the Sixties. We respond by saying the movement of the past decade is on trial here." Or, as Tom Hayden put it, "Our crime was our identity."

The Chicago trial has already spawned so many quickie books that one must be wary, but these four are the best so far. There will be more, of course—Chelsea House still plans to bring forth a five-volume edition of the complete transcript; Jules Feiffer is working on an extensive series of drawings to accompany an abbreviated transcript, which Grove Press will publish. A truly penetrating and exciting analysis of the trial and surrounding events remains to be done, but these four will more than suffice for now. Written from a similar viewpoint, they complement each other (though not without considerable repetition) and offer an absorbing experience. There is

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System.*

SR: BOOKS

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no word for the over-all effect but "radicalizing."

Consider the law on which the trial was based, and which the Nixon administration continues to summon up with alarming regularity: the so-called "Rap Brown" amendment to the 1968 Civil Rights Act, which makes it a federal crime to cross state lines with the *intent* to incite a riot, no matter whether a riot actually occurs—a law so flagrantly in violation of the First Amendment that it's almost laughable. Active dissenters are rapidly learning that as long as this law remains on the books they are taking serious risks even if they aren't traveling. At the very least they are in constant danger of being tied up in court for six months.

Consider the attitude of the Chicago authorities, especially Presiding Judge Julius Hoffman, from the first Yippie requests for park permits to the handing down of the contempt sentences. Whatever one thinks of the defendants' undeniable crudeness and deliberate disruptiveness, most of the real violence emanated from an overreaction to the protesters' rhetoric, and a vigorous condemnation of the youth movement long before it came to Chicago. Consider, too, Washington's gross underestimation of the mass of Americans and, worse, its cynicism in attempting to single out a few radicals as scapegoats, as if this could allay deep-rooted anxieties about foreign policy and economic disaster. There's some tiny consolation in the last election: at least, the administration hasn't been able to railroad the voters as it has the radicals.

Granted that not all the defendants and their kind were playful Yippies, that some considered themselves militant revolutionaries and welcomed violence even before Chicago 1968; granted that their everyday language, not to mention their public rhetoric, was often abusive; granted that almost all of them wanted to see the destruction of the system to one degree or another; granted their growing militance, so much of it nurtured in years of working within the system (Abbie Hoffman, for one, didn't spring full-grown from the mind of a cartoonist: he spent several years working for the Democratic Party of Massachusetts and organizing freedom schools in Mississippi)—granted all this, the conclusion is inescapable, as one becomes thoroughly familiar with the conspiracy trial, that before Chicago 1968 peace still had a chance.

Before Linda Morse went to Chicago for the Convention, for example, she was a pacifist and a staff worker for the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee; but when she testified at the conspiracy trial she admitted that she had been studying both karate and the use of guns. "After Chicago," she told prosecuting attorney Thomas Foran, "I changed from being a pacifist to the realization we had to defend ourselves. A nonviolent revolution was impossible. I desperately wish it was possible." That, in retrospect, is the price of Chicago and all it represents. Chicago was midwife to Weatherman, and each new trial elicits new violence. There is grotesque irony in the fact that Weatherman's lunatic "Days of Rage" in October 1969, one of its earliest efforts, was intended in part as a comment on the trial.

Violence was only one of the trial's themes, however. The defense in Chicago was based largely on establishing the significance of the alternative society of which the Yippies' Festival of Life was intended to be an expression. Hence the presence in the courtroom of so many counter-culture superstars —Judy Collins, Country Joe MacDonald, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg. Even the squarer defendants agreed that a new culture was a vital necessity for a new society, but the main perpetrators of counter culture in the courtroom were, of course, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin—major figures, whether you like them or not. The panorama of change and upheaval as the new decade began was complete.

J. Anthony Lukas covered the five-and-a-half-month Chicago trial for *The New York Times*. He is eminently qualified, therefore, to provide an overall view. That is precisely what he has done, and no more, in *The Barnyard Epithet and Other Obscenities*, which quite literally conforms to its subtitle, "Notes on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial." The book consists of random tidbits from here and there, outside the courtroom as well as in, which add up to an amazingly comprehensive account of the highlights. Lukas's story is almost of necessity all glitter, however; we see only the peaks of drama or the cleverest, most extreme Yippie stunts. There are several interesting asides, many of which appeared in the *Times* while the trial was in progress —the anecdote, for example, about several members of the defense team confronting Judge Hoffman at lunch in his club—and in conclusion Lukas ties everything together by frankly admitting his own disappointment with the court system. Nevertheless, the book is a mere introduction, useful only because while Lukas is brief he is never superficial.

The logical sequel to the Lukas book would be *The Conspiracy Trial*, an excellent transcript edited by Judy Clavir and John Spitzer, which contains, according to a reliable source, more than half the official text (indeed, one of the few flaws of this 600-page volume is the minuscule type). This is probably the ideal form of the transcript for the average reader. Few laymen will want to plow through the whole thing, and the various versions of it published heretofore have merely reiterated already well-known moments. Clavir and Spitzer provide the substance of the trial while omitting repetitions and much of the trivia of courtroom procedure. The result is fascinating reading.

The Conspiracy Trial spells out all

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A SENSE OF PROPORTION

Lancelot is to Guinevere as Menelaus is to Helen: true or false? False, of course: the first couple were not husband and wife. Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Ark., offers the following problems in proportion for you to mark *T* or *F;* check your score on page 33.

1. Squeers / Nicholas Nickleby : Ichabod Crane / Brom Bones ( )
2. Jane Eyre / Mr. Rochester : Priscilla / Miles Standish ( )
3. Clifford Pyncheon / Hepzibah : Tom Tulliver / Maggie ( )
4. Scarlett O'Hara / Rhett Butler : Enoch Arden : Annie Lee ( )
5. Nora Helmer / Torvald : Minnehaha / Hiawatha ( )
6. Oberon / Titania : Ivanhoe / Rebecca ( )
7. Dora Spenlow / David Copperfield : Irene / Jolyon Forsyte ( )
8. Mellors / Lady Chatterley : Julien Sorel / Mme. de Renal ( )
9. Holden Caulfield / Phoebe : Ethan Frome / Mattie ( )
10. Romulus / Remus : Apollo / Hercules ( )
11. Javert / Jean Valjean : Uncle Tom / Little Eva ( )
12. Pansy Osmond / Mme. Merle : Cordelia / King Lear ( )
13. Katharina / Baptista : Ophelia / Polonius ( )
14. Marchbanks / Candida : Levin / Kitty ( )
15. Hamlet / Gertrude : Cupid / Venus ( )

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the epic confrontations: Seale's protests and humiliating punishment, Judge Hoffman's constant reminders that blacks had no greater friend on the bench and his refusal to hear testimony from Ramsey Clark and Ralph Abernathy, Allen Ginsberg chanting "Hare Krishna" and "Om," Arlo Guthrie telling the story of Alice's Restaurant, the eloquence of Linda Morse. These passages stand out like set-pieces in a Shakespeare play. Finding them among the more routine proceedings, one realizes how much of the passion of our time they distill—often the drama in the courtroom was incredibly intense.

Yet there is also the pleasure of discovering less publicized moments. Abbie Hoffman is a virtuoso clown, for example, and he provided a continuous comic counterpoint. The following exchange would probably have won praise from Lewis Carroll:

> MR. FORAN: Do you see Mr. Hoffman here in the courtroom?
>
> THE WITNESS [William Frapolly, an undercover agent for the Chicago Police Department]: Yes, I do.
>
> MR. FORAN: Would you step down and point him out, please.
>
> THE WITNESS: Mr. Hoffman is sitting with the leather vest on, the shirt—he just shot me with his finger. His hair is very unkempt.

The Conspiracy Trial is full of gems like this. More important, as of this writing it's the essential source.

Too much of Jason Epstein's *The Great Conspiracy Trial* consists merely of the courtroom testimony in narrative form, which means that in many cases statements are quoted at third hand ("Bock then testified that in Lincoln Park on the evening of August 26 he saw Davis, Rubin, Froines, and Weiner. They had been discussing Hayden's arrest and Davis said, 'We should have a wall-to-wall sit-in in front of the Conrad Hilton. . . .'"). Hence the book is frequently monotonous and the main point weakened. Epstein is most readable when he departs from the events of the courtroom and discusses, as he does in a series of lengthy digressions, issues of "law, liberty and the Constitution," which recall his best pieces in *The New York Review of Books*. He has a relentlessly curious yet methodical intelligence.

The opening chapter, in which Epstein draws a parallel between the 1969 dynamiting of a cast-iron statue of a policeman in Chicago's Haymarket Square (erected "in memory of the seven Chicago police officers martyred in the anarchist riot of May 4, 1886") and the riot itself and ensuing trial, is first-rate scholarship. So are the investigations into the origins of the Rap Brown amendment and its relation to

the Constitution, the growth of the New Left, wiretapping, conspiracy laws, and such relatively obscure nuggets of history as Merry Mount, the semi-pagan movement in Plymouth Colony that foreshadowed the hedonism of the youth culture today. The historical precedents are illuminating, but, more important, Epstein makes it abundantly clear that law can be bent to anyone's purpose and twisted beyond recognition by politics. Partly because it's so understated, *The Great Conspiracy Trial* comes across as a stinging polemic.

Nevertheless, the book is fitfully done. It rarely transcends its labored structure and droning narrative; there is a distinct overemphasis on the first month of the trial and Seale's protest, and consequently Epstein has slighted the defense case, which warrants the same kind of disciplined inquiry. One must admire Epstein's rigor, but in *The Great Conspiracy Trial* it has led to a certain brittleness.

Though only 168 pages in length, Tom Hayden's *Trial* is the most important book to come out of the conspiracy trial so far. This is partly because Hayden, a founder of SDS, is a seasoned and highly articulate spokesman for the Left—he writes with a fierce holiness that verges on fanaticism, yet he convinces where his more playful confrères merely amuse. With Hoffman and Rubin and others like them one always has a nagging doubt that they're in it more for publicity and personal ambition than anything else. This isn't possible with Hayden. More important than Hayden's sincerity, however, is the fact that his book is probably the best statement of what Chicago and the trial have done to the Left in general.

So much of what Hayden says seems incontrovertibly right. The foremost lesson of the trial, he begins, was the coming repression:

> Future historians will locate the late Sixties as the time when America's famous democratic pragmatism began hardening into an inflexible fascist core. To those of us living these times, however, it has come as something of a surprise. The New Leftists of the early Sixties, and many of the black radicals as well, were preoccupied not with the danger of fascist repression but with that of liberal co-optation. We saw a power structure with such vast wealth and weaponry that it seemed beyond defeat. More than that, it seemed capable of preventing even the emergence of a real political challenge. Because of the generally high standard of living and the system's adaptability to social pressures, we seemed doomed to exist only as a marginal force. We accepted Mills and the early Marcuse as prophets of a new social order that had managed to stabilize all its major contradictions.

Hayden continues with a terse history of the downfall of the Democrats and the emergence of the Nixon mystique ("When the government assumes [the] right to jail people because of their consciousness, we are already living in 1984."); the notion that the defendants' identity was the real issue in the trial, and an analysis of the trial itself—a solemn indictment, very little of which, however, is particularly new.

The real weight of the book is in the final sections, "The Trial in Perspective" and "From Resistance to Liberation," which outline the most sophisticated program for revolution that any of the better-known radicals has yet advanced in public print. Skeptics have a habit of saying to ideologues of the Left: "All you want to do is destroy. You never have any solutions." Tom Hayden's book is an answer to that objection. Obviously, Hayden cannot speak for all radicals; the Left has deep divisions. Yet these chapters offer a shrewd combination of journalistic sensitivity to currents of contem-

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porary rebellion and practical proposals that may well constitute a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Hayden urges an even more intense resistance to the Vietnam war and racism than in the past, with particular emphasis on the fate of the Panthers, notably Bobby Seale, whose case is being tried in Connecticut. He also advocates a structure for this resistance, what he calls "Free Terrorities in the Mother Country" in the form of communities and collectives dedicated to revolution. These free territories, he quite accurately points out, are already proliferating in college communities, in urban ghettos of disaffected whites, even in rural communes—"The final break with mainstream America comes, after all, when you literally *cannot* live there, when it becomes imperative to live more closely with 'your own kind.'" In Hayden's vision, these communities *"will be utopian centers of new cultural experiment . . . centers of constant confrontation, battlefronts inside the Mother Country."* His inevitable conclusion:

> *We are living in a time of universal desire for a new social order, a time when total revolution is on the agenda*: not a limited and particular "revolution" for national identity here, for the working class there, for women here—but for *all of humanity* to build a new, freer way of life by sharing the world's vast resources equally and fraternally.

Trial is passionate and often blindly idealistic, but it makes more sense than most of the radical rhetoric of the last few years. It takes into account not only what should happen, but what is happening already. There is a great deal in the book to argue with; isolated statements like "Our appearance, because we strip away all illusion, produces the total revelation of our oppressors as well" won't bear a minute's thought. But to dwell on the faults would be mere pettiness. Hayden goes far beyond the self-delusion and paranoia that seem to be an inherent part of his existence.

If we haven't already seen what Chicago 1968, Nixon, and all the trials have done to protest and dissent in America, Tom Hayden leaves no question. Defensive, pushed into unyielding belligerence, the Left is shattering into isolated collectives and going underground. Even the relatively passive rural communes are part of this revolution in the making. For the Left, the days of superheroes and national leaders seem to be over. The great confrontation of Chicago has given way to the radicals' scattered bombs and the spontaneous executions at Augusta and Kent State.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Negligence

IN HIS CAPSULE CRITIQUE of Noam Chomsky's *At War with Asia* Richard Halloran [*SR*, Nov. 14] states: "When a scholar has written a book, even outside his own field, courtesy and reason dictate that it should receive careful consideration." He then goes on to give the most negligent review I have read in *SR*, so lacking in "careful consideration" that it doesn't include one example to support the critic's negative statements, such as that the book is "sprinkled with clues that betray Chomsky's ignorance of Asia."

ALAN SEGAL,
San Francisco, Calif.

Not So Pitiful Last Years

WE EXPRESS OUR THANKS for the review of *Ordeal of Ambition*, by Jonathan Daniels [*SR*, Oct. 31]. However, the reviewer, Wilson Sullivan, refers to Aaron Burr's "last pitiful years." What was so pitiful about them?

We do not share in the usual view of Colonel Burr's later years. He was not a lonely man; he had many friends. He did not waste his talents; his busy law practice included cases of considerable importance. His second marriage (in 1833) was not an utter failure; he and his second wife had many happy hours together, and he certainly enjoyed living in the large and beautiful Jumel Mansion. He did not die alone and neglected; he had adequate care and attention during his last illness.

So, why "his last pitiful years"?

SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR.,
President General,
The Aaron Burr Association.
Linden, Va.

NAR ad Infinitum

IN PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS Oct. 31 Rollene Saal reported that *New American Review* is being discontinued and the current issue, NAR 10, would be the final one. This is completely untrue. NAR is alive and well, and there is no reason to believe otherwise. NAR 11 will be published in March and succeeding issues in August and November on a three-times-a-year basis. The only change in its status is that it will be published by Simon & Schuster, an arrangement that was concluded and widely publicized in October.

Thank you for the opportunity of setting the record straight.

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF,
Editor,
New American Review,
New York, N.Y.

Jill Emerson

I WAS SURPRISED and delighted to see *Threesome* reviewed in PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS [*SR*, Oct. 31].

Your reviewer identified the book as "by Jill Emerson, whoever she (or he) may be." She is a Bethel, Pennsylvania, girl who presently divides her time between New York and Bucks County, and she has been writing paperbacks for the past half-dozen years. The majority of these have been pseudonymous (and rightly so), but four have appeared under her own name, including an earlier Berkeley title (*I Am Curious—Thirty*) and two Midwood novels, one of which, *Enough of Sorrow*, was published as the Midwood Prize Novel of (I think) 1965.

JOHN WARREN WELLS,
New York, N.Y.

William and Shakespeare

BENJAMIN DEMOTT ATTEMPTS a typical trick of semantic obfuscation when he slurs those who are justifiably skeptical about the far from proved but widespread contention that William of Stratford is identical with Shakespeare of the Universe [*SR*, Nov. 7]. He dumps the Baconians Oxfordians, Freudians, cryptomaniacs, and séanceophiles into the same category of "snobbery-ridden nonbelievers in Shakespeare," as if it were the greatest writer in the English language who is the object of such nonbelief, and not the matter of his identity.

Just why is it "snobbery" to find something fishy in a claim for literary eminence for a man who does not mention books or manuscripts in a will burdened with the detailed disposition of household goods, who didn't leave a scrap of writing behind him, except for six writer's-cramped signatures on legal and property documents, who showed absolutely no interest in the fate of his literary progeny, and indeed submitted, apparently, to wholesale piracy of his writings, while constantly hounding small debtors in the courts? A man whose biographical traces are to be found only in nonliterary surroundings, such as the Bellott-Mountjoy breach-of-promise suit, and whose name is *not* found in the places one would expect to find it: for example, the Southampton family records, Henslowe's or Alleyn's diaries, Camden's *Annals*.

GORDON C. CYR,
Berkeley, Calif.

Not Quite Right On

BENJAMIN DEMOTT [*SR*, Nov. 7] manages to take "uptight," the worst kind of ephemeral fad term, turn it into a noun, form the plural, and come up with "uptightnesses." This is English? This is style? This is necessary? Not even the most freaked-out cat of the now generation—whom you are kowtowing to with creaking limbs—would say "uptightnesses." You're beginning to be read for laughs.

OTTO F. REISS,
New York, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

In the wake of the nouveau roman conventional fiction in Western Europe has been overshadowed by the experimental novel, the anti-novel, the non-novel, the *cinéroman,* and the magnetophone novel, resulting in the frequent references to "the death of the novel." Traditional narrative structure is disintegrating, thanks to the concerted efforts of writers, critics and publishers. Books beginning "The marchioness left the house at five o'clock" and continuing with he-said/she-answered dialogue are diminishing in number and prestige.

England, however, with its tardy acceptance of esthetic movements from the Continent, and its empiricist tradition of externalized literary expression, has been slow to participate in this development—much slower than the Ireland of Joyce and Beckett. British critics have pondered the question, have even tried to establish statistics on the proportion of experimental vs. traditional novels being produced in England. In a symposium on "The Disintegrating Novel" published by *Books and Bookmen,* B. S. Johnson estimates that 95 per cent of British novelists "still write as though *Ulysses* (let alone *The Unnamable*) had never happened." Marion Boyars, of Calder & Boyars, finds even fewer innovators: "The percentage of avant-garde and experimental fiction is very small, perhaps 3 per cent." Members of this minority include Anthony Burgess, Rayner Heppenstall, Christine Brooke-Rose, and the younger J. G. Ballard and Ann Quin. As Alan Burns notes, "If a contemporary best-selling novel had been published fifty years ago, the chances are that it would have been well received; the essential form and style would have been entirely acceptable. Of no other art form is this true." Burns mentions novelist Storm Jameson, who has said that, whereas painting, music, poetry, and sexual ethics have "exploded," she regrets the disintegration of form and finds it particularly unsuitable to the novel. He comments: "'Inside a violently exploding society' the novel must tamely 'evolve.'"

Jack Trevor remembers his first experience with "modern, experimental writing" just before the last war. "One story not only had no quotation marks around the dialogue but in it a woman got hold of her lover's private parts in bed. I tore the magazine into tiny pieces and put them down the loo." He votes against obfuscation, chaos, and, apparently, purple patches. "The old-fashioned dialogues" of Saroyan and Faulkner please him, and he is depressed that Saroyan has never received a Nobel Prize.

The symposium concurred on one point, best expressed by Marion Boyars: "It is interesting to note that a peaceful coexistence of the traditional and the radically new is confined to writing, whereas it is inconceivable in the other arts. It is no longer possible to make a valid artistic statement in music in the style of the nineteenth century. Similarly, a neo-Rossetti painting would be laughable. But a good neo-Dickensian novel would not only be acceptable but would certainly have a much greater following than, say, a new Beckett."

Konstantin Simonov's novel *Days and Nights* (1944) is acknowledged as the epic of the battle of Stalingrad. The theme of war, with an implicit appeal for peace, inspires Simonov's poems and plays as well. His outlook is more mature, his style more lively than Sholokhov's. His new book, *Far in the East* (Sovietsky Pisatel), concerns the Japanese attack on the Manchurian-Mongolian frontier in May 1939, an event that brought Simonov to Mongolia for a five-year stint as war correspondent. In the fighting on the eastern bank of the Khalkhin Gol the outnumbered Mongolians and Russians killed 25,000 Japanese and forced the belligerent Togo into a truce. Simonov's work is a hymn to the courage of the front-line troops, with whom he broke bread behind the barricades and whose deaths he mourned. In the hours before battle men reach an ethical fulfillment:

> That night, as we prepared to die.
> We had forgotten how to lie,
> How to betray, a miser be
> And tremble over property . . .

For the moral victory at Khalkhin Gol, Simonov proposes no monument. The burnt-out tanks will suffice.

Sebastian Wolff of Cologne is only twenty-five, but he is already famous for his first novel, *Der Abstand* (Distance), published by Kiepenheuer & Witsch. The young hero wants to observe the chaotic and intrusive world about him accurately and intelligently, while keeping himself aloof from sticky problems of morality. This turning away from soul-searching distinguishes him from his mistress, Carla, with whom he discusses his own actions and those of the world. As in a slow-motion film, the author selects details, filters them, and relates them to a ritualistic workaday world, or, as critic Schulze-Reimpell puts it, "a valid kaleidoscope constituted from authentic particles of reality." The world the narrator wishes to keep at a distance is ever-present in repeated collages of newspaper headlines, bulletins, and advertising slogans.

Bruno Corradini was nineteen when Filippo Marinetti startled Europe with his *Futurist Manifesto,* published in Paris's *Le Figaro* (February 1909), preceding by fifteen years André Breton's *Surrealist Manifesto* of 1924 with its call for irrationality, rebellion, nonconformism, and with a four-letter word for all the literature and art of the past. Corradini (now Corra) joined the Florentine chapter of Futurism (which he referred to as Ultra-realism), and wrote lively plays and narratives. His *Sam Dunn è morto* (S. D. Is Dead) of 1916 introduced an absurdist hero who couldn't eat because he'd forgotten the "method," and who kept trying to go through doors without opening them. An elegant, apathetic fellow, he possessed a supernatural disruptive power, which he used to throw Paris into chaos. The scenes that follow might have been painted by Picabia, Duchamp, Ernst, or Schwitters. Policemen start to hop like crickets; leaves along the Champs-Elysées turn a violent, phosphorescent purple; gems in jewelers' showcases break loose and fly about like birds; a gardenia explodes, killing several people.

There are Surrealist portraits evocative of Magritte or Dalí, like that of the police commissioner and his mistress who promenade in the nude, or of the Cavaliere Santerni of the red beard and green hair, who finally unleashes counter-energies to destroy Sam Dunn. Some moments are reminiscent of Breton's later novel *Nadja* (1928), but (at the risk of committing *lèse-majesté*) to me *Sam Dunn* makes *Nadja* seem like a well-made novel. It is good to be reminded of the importance of this forgotten book, which Einaudi has published in a new edition embellished with a surrealistic portrait (1914) by Alberto Martini.

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MR. DE:
A Biography of Everette Lee DeGolyer

by Lon Tinkle

Little, Brown, 393 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Reynolds Girdler

■ "Some people are unfortunately born scientific," wrote Walter Bagehot, Victorian England's most versatile genius. " . . . they have skill in fishes, and attain renown in pebbles. . . . There is a coldness to their fame."

If ever anyone attained renown in pebbles, it was Everette Lee DeGolyer, geologist, who practically founded the art of petroleum geophysics and the science of petroleum engineering. Moreover, as an entrepreneur he launched two of the most successful producing and transportation companies in the oil industry and was for years the world's pre-eminent petroleum consultant.

As a scientist DeGolyer was accorded honors also given to Edison, Marconi, Bell, and Westinghouse, but there was never a coldness to "Mr. De" 's fame or to the man himself. His active, successful, and diversified life is now told in worshipful detail by Lon Tinkle, Texas book critic and historian, with a most illuminating foreword by Norman Cousins.

Mr. Tinkle is fortunate in having Cousins to do the introduction and, in a sense, the summation of a narrative that could not have been easy to organize and is impossible to channel into simple chronological flow. For, as N.C. says in the foreword, DeGolyer "had more sides to him than an exhibit of mobiles."

At the age of twenty-four, while still a student geologist, he brought in the world's largest oil well and then returned to college for his degree. A compulsive reader who collected knowledge as other men collect stamps, he became an ardent and discriminating bibliophile, an authority on the history of Mexico and the Southwest, an assembler and donor of significant libraries. During World War II DeGolyer was a public servant in the best sense of the term, and, before *SR* became self-supporting two decades ago, its principal backer. "This is a book about one of the most remarkable men it was my privilege to know," says Cousins. "He went by the political name of conservative; but he taught me a great deal about genuine liberalism and the largeness of the human spirit."

This is also a book assembled from the most thorough and detailed research into the life and times of a multifaceted man. It therefore poses quite a problem for Mr. Tinkle, and occasionally even more of a problem for the general reader. Each section takes one phase of DeGolyer, either in time or in activity, develops that phase up to a point, then cuts back to another time or another interest. Thus we eagerly follow DeGolyer as he experiments with the instruments and techniques necessary to prove his theory that salt domes and oil could most efficiently be found by geophysical methods. And as we are trembling on the edge of his triumph, we suddenly find ourselves with DeGolyer the book collector.

"Never a coldness to Mr. De's fame."

But maybe this is carping. For surely the story of DeGolyer in Mexico—the Mexico of Díaz, Madero, Huerta, and Villa—is worth a book in itself, and Mr. Tinkle tells it well.

Sir Weetman Pearson (later Lord Cowdray), head of a world-wide construction firm and the man who completed the first tunnel under the Hudson River when American engineers had failed, was floundering on the verge of bankruptcy in Mexico after having sunk $25-million and seven years into his Mexican Eagle Oil Company. Pearson had retained Captain Anthony Lucas, discoverer of Spindletop, to search for two years over his enormous Mexican acreage for oil, and Lucas had departed, defeated and dejected. Top Swiss and English geologists in the Eagle's employ had found only driblets. Moreover, Pearson was locked in deadly combat with a subsidiary of Standard Oil, and rumors of Eagle's collapse appeared well founded.

Pearson then turned for help to Dr. C. Willard Hayes, director of the U.S. Geological Survey. Dr. Hayes took Everette DeGolyer, who had worked for him during summer vacations, along with him to Tampico. It has been said enviously that DeGolyer was lucky in the men he worked for in the U.S. Geological Survey while struggling to earn his way through the young University of Oklahoma. But that was only half the story. Without exception, he profoundly impressed these men, then the nation's few outstanding geologists. He also impressed Sir Weetman, who specified that DeGolyer should choose the location for the next well.

DeGolyer did so in April 1910, and on December 27 Potrero del Llano #4 blew in like a raging monster. For six months armies of oil-drenched men fought to bring the well under control and to contain the 100,000 barrels of oil a day it was spewing out over the fields and down the little Buena Vista River to the Tuxpam River, which was covered with oil six inches deep all the way to the sea.

Once under control, Potrero #4 went on to produce an estimated 120 to 140 million barrels of oil in eight years. Since an oil *field* is considered major when it produces 100 million barrels, Potrero #4 qualified as a major field in itself. From 1914 to 1919 Mexican Eagle was the richest oil enterprise in the world—and DeGolyer was a legend.

Nor did he stop there. The prolific Oklahoma fields convinced DeGolyer that his future and Lord Cowdray's should be centered in the U.S., particularly among the salt domes of Texas and Louisiana, then ranking below Oklahoma as oil-producing states. Once freed of his duties of supplying a desperate British Navy with oil in World War I, Cowdray yielded to DeGolyer's arguments—and the Amerada Petroleum Company was born. Tinkle quite correctly says, "The founding of the Amerada Corporation was perhaps the most influential single event in the application of scientific techniques to the finding of oil." And Amerada was DeGolyer.

As early as 1914 DeGolyer had tried to obtain a torsion balance, an instrument that measures the gravitational pull of the earth conditioned by subsurface rock structures. The invention was Hungarian, and it was 1921 before DeGolyer was able to commission the building of two of the instruments. At the same time he went after the seismograph, used by the Germans in World War I to locate hidden artillery batteries by interpreting recorded sound waves.

The early years of Amerada were

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those during which DeGolyer, helped by men of his own selection, sought to refine the torsion balance, the seismograph refraction and reflection methods, the magnetometer, and other devices into instruments subtle enough to find salt domes and other promising structures hidden far below the earth's surface. Within ten years he had conclusively proved, as had no competitor, the value of geophysical exploration in the finding of oil.

Tinkle pays due attention to DeGolyer the book collector and builder of historical and scientific libraries. In the course of his lifetime, says Tinkle, DeGolyer bought or acquired some 89,000 volumes. They ranged from first editions of Lamb, Dickens, and Melville to anything he could find on Santa Anna. This "perfect rogue" so fascinated DeGolyer that he labored long and painfully over the short biography he wrote of the Mexican general for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He also helped several magazine publishing ventures, but *Saturday Review* alone succeeded.

To DeGolyer, science was "truth organized in order to make possible human comprehension . . . with provision for the discovery of truth now unknown." He passionately believed that educated men should know the history of science even as they knew the history of nations and wars and emperors. So—beginning with a first edition of Copernicus, a second edition of Boyle's *Spring of the Air*, and a copy of the first printed edition of Euclid—he started assembling the impressive science library now administered by the University of Oklahoma, to which he presented it.

There is a beguiling picture of the young DeGolyer in Tinkle's biography. It shows him at age twenty-five seated on the platform of Potrero #4. He wears the cloth hat favored by college boys of that day, a bow tie, and, of course, the high boots that every engineer and geologist regarded as *de rigueur*. But he still looks like a little boy whose father had brought him to the site to see how grown men earned their living.

Because he was so successful so young, and from the first a person of commanding authority, DeGolyer's early associates and peers were people much older than he. These men have long departed. Nor are there many of his own age still alive—at least, not many who moved at his high level. Those that remain can testify, and have done so, to his stature, his truculent geniality, his genius for friendship. Though the general public may find some of the detail in *Mr. De* a little overdone, oil men the world over will read it with relish and nostalgia. Especially the younger men of this vast and turbulent industry—and there are hundreds of thousands of them, to whom DeGolyer is a legend—will follow his story with awe, and with regret that they can never live in the world Everette Lee DeGolyer influenced so greatly.

Reynolds Girdler is a retired vice president of Sinclair Oil Corporation.

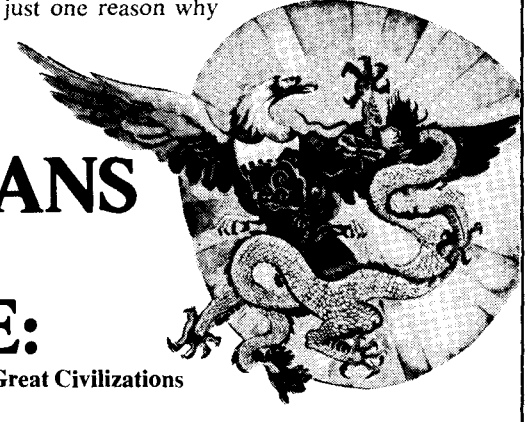
LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

FALSE: 1: Ichabod wasn't Brom's teacher (*Sleepy Hollow*). 2: Priscilla didn't marry Miles. 3: The Pyncheons were cousins (*House of 7 Gables*), the Tullivers brother and sister (*Mill on the Floss*). 6: Ivanhoe didn't marry Rebecca. 9: Only the first pair were brother and sister (*Catcher in the Rye*). 10: Only the first pair were twins. 11: Tom didn't pursue Eva. 14: Levin and Kitty were a married couple (*Anna Karenina*). TRUE: 4, 5 (*Doll's House*), and 7: Both pairs were married. 8: Both pairs were illicit lovers (*The Red and the Black*). 12 (*Portrait of a Lady*), 13, and 15: In all pairs the first was the child of the second.

What do you value more?

a. self expression **b. self-restraint**
a. your 'identity' **b. your society**
a. your children **b. your parents**

Most Americans would go down the *a* line; most Chinese, the *b*. Neither would be right or wrong. They would just be exemplifying the differences between our two cultures — what anthropologist Francis L. K. Hsu calls the "individual-centered" and the "situation-centered" civilizations. Dr. Hsu's "extremely sympathetic treatment of both America and China focuses on the character of the common man rather than government and politics," says *Publishers' Weekly*. That is just one reason why AMERICANS AND CHINESE provides such a timely understanding of both people *and* their governments.



AMERICANS AND CHINESE:

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Francis L. K. Hsu
Introduction by Henry Steele Commager
$12.50 at all booksellers

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THREE-CORNERED HEART

by Anne Fremantle

Viking, 316 pp., $8.95

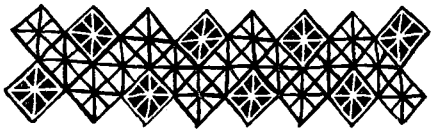
Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ Unlike most American citizens, Anne Fremantle can boast of downward social mobility. Not only were her immediate forebears the type of British landed gentry who inhabit Henry James's novels, they may have been among his models. Anne recalls the famous novelist's stutter when he came to lunch during her childhood, one of dozens of famous persons whose friendship was part of her inheritance. Sir Roger Casement, later hanged as a spy, pushed her pram in Hyde Park. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Auden, and Evelyn Waugh are other family friends whom she describes with irreverence in her anecdotal autobiography.

Despite its light, even gossipy tone, however, Mrs. Fremantle's memoir has documentary value. Her "three-cornered heart" is the product of a double eye. Drawing upon her mother's diaries as well as her own memory, she stretches her personal history to encompass a full century of life within the privileged confines of Britain's ruling class.

To the jet-conditioned modern reader, the Victorian and Georgian homes she describes seem not only stately but static. Tradition dictated most behavior. "Nursery maids vanished into shame or marriage," since the lower classes had no other exit, but friends were acquired, like houses, by hereditary right. When Anne's Mama planned a trip to Europe, she consulted not a travel agent but the *Almanach de Gotha*, in whose hallowed pages any well-born Englishwoman could find relatives with convenient palaces. Thus travel entailed as few surprises as discomforts, for the change of scene was nominal.

As a young girl Anne was coached on Europe's bloodlines before she, too, tackled the Continent. "You will look very provincial and silly if you meet Esterházys or Radziwills and don't know who they are," her mother warned. To Mama, a crashing beauty



who left school at seventeen for the "more stern work of husband-hunting," Burke's *Peerage* and the *Almanach* were major texts.

On Anne's testimony, however, it would be false to conclude that such late-Victorian ladies were uneducated. Mama read widely, wrote fluently, knew music well. Knowledge that young women today purchase in neat parcels labeled "History 103" or "Western Civilization" came to Mama with the air she breathed, for the society that formed her was intellectually less compartmentalized than our own. Her father, Mountstuart Duff, was a man for all disciplines as well as all seasons. His profession was politics; his hobbies, botany and literature. During Duff's twenty-four years in Parliament his friends included Disraeli and Darwin, Cardinal Newman and Karl Marx. Many other men whose utterances became history were numbered among the 566 guests who visited one of the Duffs' country houses during a single four-year span.

Later, as governor of Madras, Anne's Grandfather Duff listed 1,089 dinner guests in a single year. One hundred servants in the house and 100 horses in the stable made such hospitality possible. Yet even at home in England the formality and ostentation of upper-class life were a phenomenon of the period, one that today's middle-class students often find incomprehensible when studying a novelist like James.

In Mama's childhood, for example, eighteen gardeners were deployed on the grounds of a single house, occupied by the family for only part of the year. In Anne's childhood, twenty-two indoor servants staffed the largest of the five houses among which the family of two adults and four children rotated. Each house had its separate account book in which Mama, despite her limited formal education, kept accurate records of "every potato, strawberry, or pint of milk." Even in hard times—truly a relative term—more than one house was deemed essential, as was a variety of servants. A maid or governess always accompanied Mama on shopping trips, for at the turn of the century "no respectable woman walked along Piccadilly without an elderly chaperone or a man."

In that rigidly codified world individual rights were often superseded by demands of caste. After Anne's Aunt Alise married a Swiss doctor ("as unthinkable . . . as . . . to run away with a gypsy"), her family never spoke to her again. Yet this love-match failed for the very reason that Alise's parents doubtless anticipated: she "could not long take a society in which nobody dressed for dinner." Worse, the one bond that might now be expected to override such cultural incompatibility was forbidden to Alise's generation. "Only the lower classes really enjoy sexual intercourse." Mama told her daughters repeatedly, and, when pressed for details about the facts of life, referred them to Flaubert's novels.

Filial affection bridged this particular generation gap; yet Mama's warning had an effect quite different from that intended. Anne concluded that "women had a raw deal," and proceeded to liberate herself. Despite Mama's dismay, she insisted on a university education; despite Mama's example, she married a penniless younger son for love. The rash marriage lasted, contributing to the sunny emotional climate from which Mrs. Fremantle, now a resident of Manhattan, evidently writes. Her thirteen previously published books and many critical essays further testify to the wisdom of her choice of life-style.

Her personal optimism, concluding in the terse summation "no complaints," nevertheless includes awareness of life's darker modes. Many anecdotes reveal the harshness of those disciplines that made British children of the nineteenth century docile at home and fierce empire-builders abroad. In childhood Mama was tied to a table-leg every day for a week, thrashed with a gold-topped riding whip, and made to swallow doses of castor oil as punishment for minor offenses. At least some readers who shudder at these horrors of the Victorian nursery will rejoice in more permissive methods and, despite Vice President Agnew's prescriptions for parents, continue to vote for Dr. Spock.

Glendy Culligan, a former book review editor for The Washington Post, teaches literature at Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1428

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1428 will be found in the next issue.

MKFZ XU D LKQZS EKK UES-

KJY EK CZ KFZSPKVZ CH DJH-

EOXJY CRE AMXYOE.

—PZSFDJEZU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1427

Life consists not in holding good cards but in playing those you do hold well. —BILLINGS.

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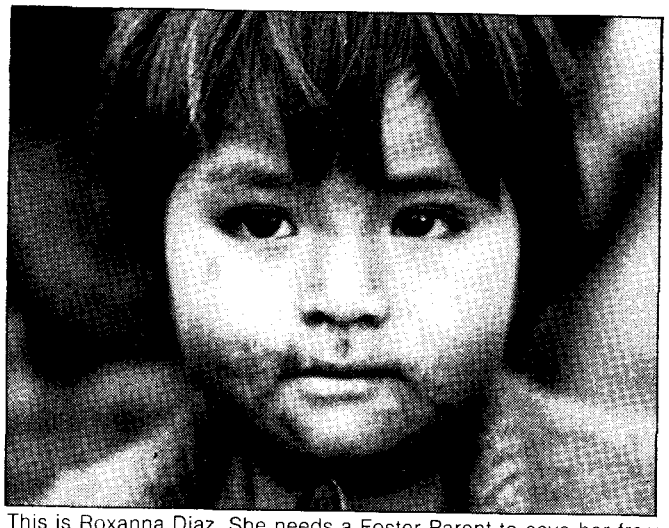

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THE CIRCLE GAME

by Joel Lieber

Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Prepare yourself for a brusque encounter. Joel Lieber can't help unsettling people—he's that talented.

Whether concerned with the fears of a dog-walking writer (*Move!*) or the plight of a dentist suspected of rape (*The Chair*), Mr. Lieber writes a flushed, funny, troubling prose in which dreams have their own reality and waking up is often a nightmare. As his victimized heroes bravely tackle real and imagined enemies, they confront a host of commonplace terrors: ominous phone calls, bizarre subway rides, bumps in the night against strangely impalpable objects. They try to make sense out of their misadventures, only to find that schemes for interpreting or mastering life are doomed. If they're lucky, they learn that a man's worst Gorgon may be himself.

The Circle Game, Mr. Lieber's fourth novel, is the nervous, demented nonchronicle of Hugo Pearlman, a thirty-three-year-old assistant professor of English, currently living on fellowships and anxieties. Hugo rents a summer cottage on Long Island with his wife, Faye, a "dedicated, proselytizing natural-childbirth buff." Their own baby is long overdue—Hugo's count is nearly eleven months—but perhaps the Pill makes exact calculation impossible. Faye bounces high on their bed, one of her methods for natural induction, and occasionally Hugo joins her in her pelvic exercises.

Waiting for his child isn't his only worry. Why is Hal Erskine, the $4-million novelist, persecuting him? True, Hugo wrote a bad review of Hal's recent blockbuster, but is that just cause for him to ransack Hugo's apartment and steal his German shepherd? Determined to solve the mystery, Hugo walks down the beach to visit Hal and is promptly seduced by a naked sun bather, who later plays back a tape of their lovemaking to Hal and his friends —a wild bunch of grope-therapy patients who touch, taste, and smell each other in a search for psychosexual bliss and enlightenment.

Before he knows what's happening, Hugo smokes pot, forgets Faye, and links arms with Hal's pals in their literal circle, playing a game that has puzzling rules and unknown outcomes. But who are the members of this circle, and what do they want with Hugo? Who is Turkel, the "psychiatric witch doctor" who spearheads the group? What do Turkel's wife and Hal's sister have in common with Elmer, a provincial little man who founded "The California Sexual Liberation Front"? Is the sun bather, a kind of acid-head Daisy Miller, really an airline stewardess grounded by too many bad trips? Are they all out to destroy Hugo through an ultimate, damning "review" of his life? Or is he to be their hallucinogenic agent for a brave new world of peace, love, and perpetual orgasm?

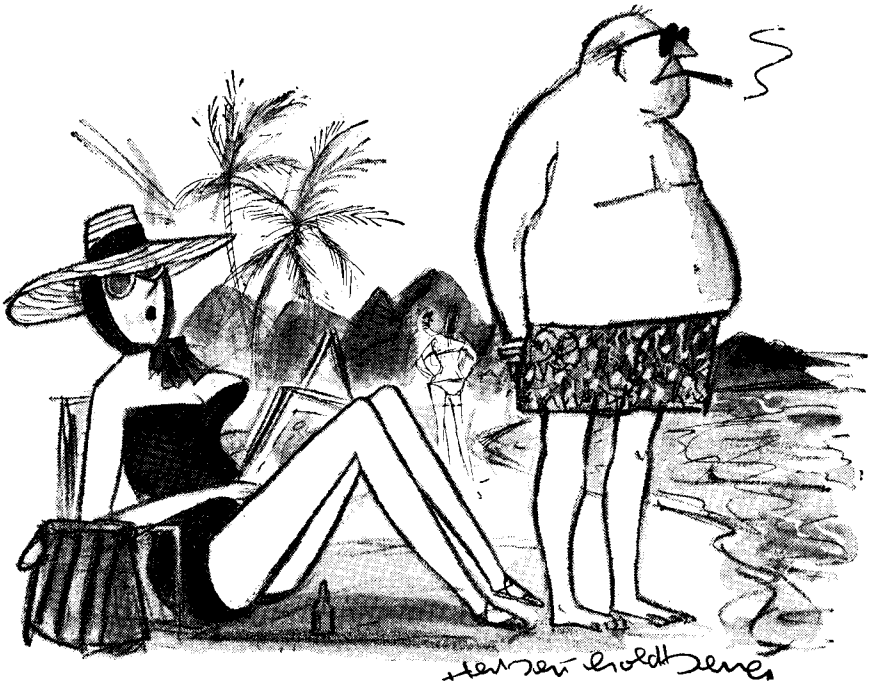
Mr. Lieber supplies a few clues but demands many more skills from his reader: an ability to separate appearance from reality, to detect the private fantasies that shape events, to sense the precise moment when Hugo is being put down or put on by his odd circle.

The novel scrambles chronology, garbles syntax, and sounds solemn when it's most outrageous in ways that will attract admirers of Borges, Barthelme, Burroughs, and Barth. (Keep off this grass if you like *God Is an Englishman*). But readers who ride literary currents are in for a surprise: Mr. Lieber is his own man, and he invests Hugo's journey into himself with details so concrete and objective that it becomes increasingly difficult to say when Hugo is dreaming, waking, or making direct contact with his freaked-out friends.

That's as it should be. Since Mr. Lieber wrote his first novel, *How the Fishes Live*, he's developed a style that vividly suggests the vagrant and volatile texture of modern life. He's also developed a mouth that may offend people. Hugo's trip from pot to paternity involves some rough and blistering sexual satire. During one of his headier moments Hugo narrates a genital tract about sex machines in a passage that could distress anyone who comes to this novel to be titillated but not knocked out.

Fortunately, most readers will be stunned for the right reasons, for Mr. Lieber has composed a series of beautifully honed and accurate images: Faye lovingly touching the active life within her as she gazes into a mirror, secretly observed by her husband; Hugo trying to describe Faye to the circle in terms of her physical opposite; Hugo's mother hot-footing it on the beach to avoid being stung by the sand; Hugo, an old fox-trotter, getting to know himself through a frenzied soul dance. Toward the end of the novel, as births and rebirths whirl madly by, all images unite to reveal the meaning of a "circle game," which people must play in order to survive their waking days.

Joel Lieber survives. When he's around, Henry James's famous metaphor for the novel—a "house" with a "million" windows—receives new impact. For Mr. Lieber is a marvelous young hand at banging doors, rattling blinds, and keeping his guests up all night. Maybe that's one reason the fictional "house" still stands: we keep revisiting it when exciting writers live there.



"Will you try to relax, Wesley. No one is trying to remove the underpinnings of your structure."

Joseph Catinella, an editor and freelance reviewer, has taught English and American fiction at Paterson (New Jersey) State College and The City University of New York.

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Your $10 Christmas gift will provide up to $240 worth of meat, milk and bread for hungry families

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so poor and so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry. Who are these families? Tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . some with no income at all . . . living in old broken down shacks, spending winters huddled around fires trying to stay warm.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its third year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, 50¢ buys as much as $12 worth of Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids — can mean $240 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may you have a joyous Holiday.

*NAACP Emergency Relief Fund**
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*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund —tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

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SUN AND STEEL

by Yukio Mishima
translated from the Japanese
by John Bester

Kodansha International, 104 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David M. Walsten

■ The recent suicide (November 25) of Yukio Mishima, unspeakably macabre by Occidental values, was nevertheless an affirmation of his most personal convictions. In the simplest terms it was an act of protest against the Establishment. Within the perspective of Mishima's considerable literary achievements, it provides a final, perfect apostrophe. For better or for worse, his reputation will be permanently enlarged.

Like *Confessions of a Mask*, which appeared more than a decade ago under the guise of "fiction," *Sun and Steel* is a memoir and a self-analysis. Its pages abound with musings on death. Nearly a dozen earlier works published in the United States since 1956 (novels, short stories, and drama) earned for Mishima here the sobriquet "best-known Japanese writer." Those who have looked for yet another dimension to this virtuoso will be disappointed, however, by this latest offering. Unlike *Confessions*—a perspicuous examination of Mishima's own sexuality—*Sun and Steel* flows with the viscosity of mud, turgid with abstraction and mystical convolution. A main essay constituting the bulk of the book is followed by a rhapsodic description of Mishima's first flight in a fighter jet and by a brief poem, also about flight.

"Of late," Mishima labors to explain in an introductory apologia, "I have come to sense within myself an accumulation of all kinds of things that cannot find adequate expression via an objective artistic form such as the novel. . . . I have groped around, therefore, for some other form more suited to such utterances and have come up with a kind of hybrid between confession and criticism, a subtly equivocal mode one might call 'confidential criticism.'"

"As a personal history," he confesses, "it will, I suspect, be unlike anything seen before, and as such exceedingly difficult to follow." How right he was!

The bits of personal history and faulty attempts to aphorize could provide plenty of false clues in a search for clarification of Mishima's other work. A typical bomb: "Facile cynicism, invariably, is related to feeble muscles or obesity, while the cult of the hero and a mighty nihilism are always related to a mighty body and well-tempered muscles."

The "sun" of the title signified at first for Mishima a pervasive corruption and destruction that revealed itself in the summer of 1945, the year of Japan's defeat. The sun led "youth in droves to its death in tropical seas and countrysides." It glistened on the wings of fighter planes, on bayonets, on the flies clustered about wounds.

Gradually, however, Mishima found himself metamorphosed into a sun-worshiper, for he came to identify darkness, he says, with total rejection —of death as well as of life. The sun "commanded" him to develop a body that would be a proper tabernacle for lofty thoughts. He sensed, moreover, that an era was approaching in which to treat the sun as an enemy would be tantamount to following the herd.

The "steel" of the title is nothing subtler than gymnasium bar bells. Mishima's attempt to lend some dignity to bodybuilding and weightlifting, traditionally the least cerebral of sports, falls rather flat, since estheticizing about weights and muscles is itself a most difficult and dangerous game.

At times the clarity and directness of his earlier *Confessions* come through like shafts of sunlight:

> Though a fine body may be tragic, . . . there is in it no trace of the comic. The thing that ultimately saves the flesh from being ridiculous is the element of death that resides in the healthy, vigorous body; it is this, . . . that sustains the dignity of the flesh. How comic would one find the gaiety and elegance of the bullfighter were his trade entirely divorced from associations of death!

He considers the last letter written by a doomed *kamikaze* pilot: "At the moment I am full of life, my whole body overflowing with youth and strength. It seems impossible that I shall be dead in three hours' time. And yet. . . ." Mishima reflects:

> When someone seeks to tell the truth, words always falter in this way. I can almost see him now, fumbling for words: not from shyness, not from fear, for the naked truth inevitably produces this verbal stumbling; but rather, as a sign of a certain rough quality about truth itself. The young man in question had no long-drawn-out void left in which to wind things up with words in a leisurely way. As he hurtled towards death, his final everyday phrases seized on a moment when the feeling for life . . . had temporarily benumbed his spirit's awareness of the end, and, like a well-loved dog leaping up at its master, came rushing out upon him, only to be dashed rudely aside.

We are struck with the certainty that Mishima had been close enough to death's door to smell the aroma of its wood. On the strength of such vignettes this strange little volume may be welcomed. His death imbues the book with the stamp of truth.

David M. Walsten has made a special study of the Japanese novel.

Saturday Review calls

Nicholas von Hoffman

*". . . the most interesting and perhaps the most talented of the new journalists."**

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Passions, prejudices and laments by one of America's most generously biased writers

"Impressionistic, ironic, angry in tone, [his book] is yet all of a piece, for it is all about the nightmarish ways in which Americans in a few years—black Americans and white—have altered in their own eyes."

——**Stuart W. Little**
**Saturday Review*

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WIT TWISTER #194

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

How _ _ _ _ _ _ they were to
all she knew—

Those _ _ _ _ _ _ creatures
mumbling in the ward!

Dared she _ _ _ _ _ _ herself
with that small crew

Who helped these helpless, whom
the world ignored?

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 63*)

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FUTURE SHOCK

by Alvin Toffler

Random House, 505 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Arnold A. Rogow

■ The most influential form of nonfiction literature in the Seventies is likely to be a succession of books telling us that because of race, poverty, Vietnam, urban decay, drug addiction, the alienation of youth, Spiro Agnew, and other calamities, the condition of America is bleak or even hopeless. These "dung-ho" books, to steal a phrase from Joseph Natterson, will not all be equally popular, of course, any more than they will be equally perceptive in dealing with the dimensions of national crisis. Those that succeed commercially will reflect the fact that the national mood reveals a good deal of moral masochism arising from guilt about the war, poverty, and the new sexual permissiveness, and a good deal of magical thinking to the effect that our most serious problems can be solved by disciplined intelligence, good will, and technical adjustments. Americans, that is to say, do not mind being told the country is in a terrible mess as long as they are not also told that the mess requires drastic and radical action.

Future Shock, a best-seller for some months now, incorporates this formula, and therefore can serve as the very model of a successful "dung-ho" book. Alvin Toffler's thesis is that "too much change in too short a time" is already responsible for widespread stress and disorientation, and that unless the rate and direction of change are controlled, psychic and physical illness on a massive scale is inevitable. Indeed, future shock, by which is meant a condition of confusion and dislocation much like that induced by trauma, is already here as the result of the accelerated rate of change in almost every area of life. Unless, writes Toffler, we can come to terms with this change by adjustment and adaptation, which in the first instance means comprehending the nature of modern science and technology, we are destined to fall victim to it. Toffler's emphasis throughout is on the rate of change rather than on change as such, and he is as concerned with change in one's personal life as with the broad dimensions of social change. He warns that unless we learn to control the rate of such change, "we are doomed to a massive adaptational breakdown."

Certainly the evidence is persuasive, although to assimilate it one has to overlook a literary style that owes much to *Time-Life*-Madison Avenue. Toffler cannot resist adman captions for his 139 subchapter headings, among which the best (or worst) are "Catholics, Cliques, and Coffee Breaks," a two-page section with a one-sentence reference to the Catholic Church, and "'Drag Queen' Movies," which has nothing whatever to do with films of the Warhol type. Well, such captions, like the ads, are designed to catch our attention, and they succeed, even if in the end we like ourselves less for being unable to resist.

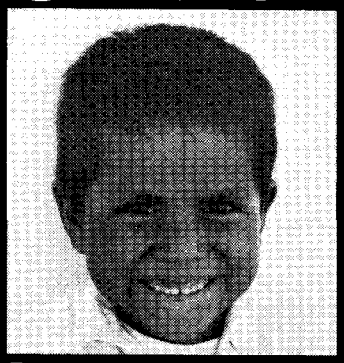
Perhaps less defensible is Toffler's name-dropping of eminent behavioral scientists and others whose achievements he consistently reduces to the level of intellectual fatuity. Thus William F. Ogburn is quoted as saying, "We should admit into our thinking the idea of approximations, that is, that there are varying degrees of accuracy and inaccuracy of estimate." This may well be the least important statement ever made by Ogburn. If that be doubted, can anyone dispute the view that the sentence "Thought is action in rehearsal," dubiously attributed to Freud, reveals nothing about Freud, and for that matter tells us little about the nature of thought and action?

A conspicuous weakness of *Future Shock* is the author's preference for glib descriptive categories and oversimplifications that tend to be either inaccurate or unfair. Thus he regards Ellul, Whyte, Fromm, Marcuse, Mumford, Orwell, and Kafka as fanatical enemies of technology and organization, rather than as critics of certain tendencies and aspects of technological development. For Toffler, the sin of opposing technological organization is tantamount to the sin of opposing progress, and not far removed from the sins of espousing Freudianism and the New Left.

What, then, is his solution to the problem of future shock? The "answer to future shock," he suggests, "is not non-change, but a different kind of change." Well and good; but when he deals with specifics, it turns out that future shock can be averted not by a massive reordering of our economic and social priorities but by right thinking, self-improvement, and, above all, will power. The reader of *Future Shock*, primed by the ads and some reviews to expect that its author is another John Kenneth Galbraith, or at least another Stuart Chase, finds instead that he is reading a book by the Norman Vincent Peale of futurology. In effect, the principal shock in reading about future shock is *Future Shock* itself.

Lest this seem too harsh a judgment, consider the following. Toffler is rightly concerned about overstimulation and

Futures For Children



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the inability of the organism to go beyond its "adaptive range." The overstimulated reader is advised "in the words of Hans Selye" that he can "consciously look for signs of being keyed up too much" (surely Selye has more than this to offer). Just in case the reader does not know what these signs are—an improbable "in case" unless he has somehow missed the sedative, tranquilizer, and "nervous stomach" ads in the media — they are carefully enumerated: "Heart palpitations, tremors, insomnia or unexplained fatigue . . . confusion, unusual irritability, profound lassitude and a panicky sense that things are slipping out of control. . . ."

The recommended treatment for these symptoms is the deliberate slowing down or speeding up of "our own life pace," a treatment Toffler illustrates by such "de-stimulating" tactics as "storming into the teen-ager's bedroom [to] turn off a stereo unit that has been battering our ear drums" (what about the "life pace" of the teen-ager?), pulling down the blinds, turning on the air conditioner to mask street noise (in the winter?), or the "search for silence on a deserted strip of beach." We can also "close doors, wear sunglasses, avoid smelly places [New York, for instance?], and shy away from touching strange surfaces when we want to decrease novel sensory input."

To be sure, everyone uses these and other tactics, so far as he can, to reduce noise, stench, glare, and other tension-producing phenomena. And almost everyone will endorse at least some of the new life-styles and organization arrangements that Toffler describes at length and with contagious enthusiasm. But there is something pathetic, even ludicrous about the view that future shock can be significantly avoided by such self-help measures. And even more pathetic is Toffler's solution to the problem of environmental change or the "rate of turnover" in our personal lives. We can slow down the turnover rate when we "refuse to purchase throw-away products [drink nothing whatever?] . . . hang on to the old jacket for another season . . . resist when the salesman tells us it's time to trade in our automobile." We reduce nervous-making interaction by traveling less and resisting "pointless reorganizations in our company, church, fraternal or community groups." If, the author suggests, you are in the process of acquiring a new wife, it may be a good idea to hold on to the old job, or house, or car, as the case may be. (It is not clear whether the reverse is recommended, *i.e.*, holding on to the old wife if you are moving to a new job, etc.) Because of such recommendations it is not always easy to resist the thought that *Future Shock* occupies some sort of intellectual midpoint between the put-on and the *Reader's Digest*.

But Toffler *is* serious, and it is precisely his seriousness that gives the book its air of unreality and occasional touch of unintended humor. That there is such a condition as future shock there can be no doubt; unfortunately, Toffler provides little evidence that he understands its psychopathology any more than he understands its economics and sociology. Those who are made ill by too much change, too much tension, too much sensation (or too little) are not likely to get well as a result of being told, in the words of the Simon and Garfunkel tune, "Slow down, you move too fast," quite apart from the question of practicality.

Even supposing many of Toffler's "solutions" were feasible for individuals, what about the consequences for the economy of refusing to buy certain kinds of products and making do with the old automobile and last year's fashions? What constitutes a "pointless reorganization," and do our busy, perhaps compulsive, reorganizers in business and finance care very much about their employees or the public at large? *Future Shock* has little to say about the relation between rapid change and a corporate military capitalism dependent on planned and accelerated obsolescence, the prototypic form of which is war production. Toffler does not explore the role of advertising in the creation of artificial wants, and of course he is far from believing that it may have something to do with our frenzied pursuit of what is new, novel, and futuristic. In essence, he says practically nothing about the basic institutions and values of American society; hence his approach to problems tends to be both superficial and simplistic.

Future Shock, however, claims to be a penetrating analysis of American society, and the fact that such a claim can be taken seriously furnishes proof, if proof were needed, of the perilous state we are in. Clearly the republic can survive its political cranks, buffoons, and charlatans, but whether it will survive its serious and pseudo-serious thinkers remains to be determined.

"Is that you, Honey Bear? Oh my God, is that you, Mrs. Larkin? What a nice voice you have. This is a recording."

Arnold A. Rogow is graduate professor of political science at the City University of New York. His most recent book is "The Psychiatrists."

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

Humane Treatment?

FROM THE SCANTY information available, they [American prisoners of war in Vietnam] are being held in very poor conditions and have been deprived for much of the time of letters and parcels that are normally accorded to prisoners. The North Vietnamese reject any responsibility because they claim the Americans they hold are not prisoners but war criminals. They rest their case on a proviso that they made when acceding to the Geneva Convention, using the analogy of the Nuremberg trial of war criminals. Hence no lists of prisoners held have been published, no visits of the International Red Cross permitted. The kind of self-righteous pride that lies behind the North Vietnamese refusal to behave humanely toward these prisoners is hard to gauge.

—The Times.

Bombing North Vietnam

[WE] SUPPORT the American decision to stage a massive bombing of North Vietnam. It has demonstrated America's strength, both in combat and in the sparring for any negotiations that may become possible. Equally significant has been the lack of tangible reaction —other than a duet of righteous indignation by Hanoi and some of the more vocal Washington doves. Mr. Nixon has persuaded American public opinion that he is bringing the boys home as fast as possible. His handling of Cambodia showed that if he occasionally lashes out it is for a very good reason. It is very much more difficult now for his opponents to stir up emotion against him.

The more demonstrations there are, on appropriate occasions, that America is not a paper tiger, the more willing Hanoi will become to consider real negotiations.

The occasion for the American attack was appropriate in view of the fact that North Vietnam had repeatedly shot down unarmed American reconnaissance aircraft in violation of an understanding. Proof of such an understanding lies in the fact that it was for a long time observed.

—The Daily Telegraph.

MANCHESTER:

Rest in Peace

NEGRO HUMOR is in rather short supply in the United States, but I would like to tell you a story I heard in South Carolina a couple of weeks ago.

It's about an African who was resting under a coconut tree when he was addressed by a passing Englishman. "What," asked the Englishman, "are you doing for yourself, just idly sitting there? Why don't you get busy and develop your fields, those mines, and build cities?"

"What for?" the African asked.

"To establish commerce," the Englishman replied.

"Commerce for what?"

"So you can make lots of money."

"What good is money?"

"Money will bring you leisure."

"What will I do with leisure?"

"Then you can rest."

"But why do all that," asked the African, "when I'm resting now?"

—The Guardian Weekly.

PARIS:

Law and Order

IN THE UNITED STATES many liberal intellectuals are discovering how far their sympathy for the extremists, whose anger they understand better than others, has alienated them from the popular sensibility. Irritation is so acute and general, notably among the blue-collar workers, that the most left-wing of Democratic personalities during the recent political campaign found themselves forced to take up a slogan they had denounced in 1968: "law and order."

This emphasis on law and order does not of course resolve the deepest problems of youth or the black minority. But, in the face of repeated violations of rules indispensable to life in a society, it is necessary to defend law as a last outpost. For, outside the law, there is nothing but chaos.

—Olivier Chevrillon, L'Express.

MOSCOW:

Monetary Crisis

BY THEIR AGGRESSIVE policies, the ruling circles of the United States have confronted their country with a serious budget deficit. There is every reason to believe that in the current year the trade and payment balance of the United States will be unfavorable, and this may cause a fresh outbreak, dangerous to capitalism, of a world monetary crisis and increased fluctuation of the dollar.

Thus, not only has the internal financial and economic policy of the Nixon administration and its efforts to balance the budget and curb inflation yielded no results, but the foreign economic policy of the United States, too, has approached the danger line of further aggravations of the world monetary crisis.

—Pravda.

Pillaging the Americans

TODAY, AS WE STAND on the threshold of the planetary age, the United States is the greatest of the world powers. America's destiny as a great power was none of her own choosing. America is an empire which has never had an emperor and which has found itself engaged (to quote John F. Kennedy) "with a struggle we did not start, in a world it [*sic*] did not make."

But having evolved a corpus of organizational technique which is more effective than anything of the kind elsewhere, the United States has become the prime standard of reference for industrial society in general, the example from which others take their cue more or less well, more or less clear-sightedly, and more or less of their own volition. Since equipment and organization engender a way of life, the much-heralded "American way of life" has penetrated far afield, mingling with local practice in a great many places. The Americans, after having so long imitated others, have in their turn been pillaged by all. In one way or another, the whole world bears the marks of their influence: some 50 per cent of American-type organization is visible in German society, perhaps 25 per cent in French, and traces can be found in countries such as India or Mali, although their style of civilization is totally different. The Americans, our distant cousins, characterized from an early stage by their wish and hope to be popular, have now become the heads of the family, at once feared and envied. And their activities in the present-day world have excited both admiration and hatred, servility and jealousy.

—from "The European Challenge" by Louis Armand and Michel Drancourt (Atheneum).

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Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

AMSTERDAM:

New Cold War?

THE RESULTS of the elections were hardly of any interest, since Nixon remained in possession of all his extraordinary authority. More important than the elections was the "ideology" defended during the campaign by the leader of the world's most powerful nation.

A terrifying authoritarian mentality, intended to intimidate, revealed itself in an unclean '*Hetze*' against competitors. It is no wonder, but still sad, that we are being ushered by this man into a new cold war.

—De Groene Amsterdammer.

STOCKHOLM:

High Price

REPUBLICANS probably would have received fewer votes had President Nixon not campaigned so vigorously. But it was a high price the President and the nation had to pay for his contribution. The campaign was one of the most unpleasant the United States has ever seen. Invective and personal attacks were redundant. Law and order was the totally dominant question, while the many other gigantic problems the country has to grapple with were placed in the shade.

—Svenska Dagbladet.

MELBOURNE:

Sidestepping the Real Issues

THE REPUBLICAN candidates, by and large, mounted the "law-and-order" bandwagon. A big swing in their favor would have been hailed by Nixon as proof that the "silent majority" rely on a Republican administration to wind up the Vietnam War, cleanse the university campuses, and clamp down on crime, drugs, pornography, and pollution. The Democrats were put on the spot. They had to look for something better than a me-too opposition to sin. So they warned the silent majority that only a Democratic Congress could save the nation from another economic depression.

The Democrats likewise are sidestepping the real problems, which are the widening gap between rich and poor and the failure to bring human adjustments to an exploding technology, the intolerable pressure of industrial life, and the consumer rat race. The result was that the people, although aware as never before of the perils they face, turned out in relatively small numbers to register an inconclusive vote.

—The Sun.

Economists vs. Ecologists

FOR MANY YEARS the warnings of biologists and others have been ignored, or even scoffed at, while the environment has undergone further degradation in the interests of short-term economic prosperity for increasingly large numbers of people. Starvation is only one of the dangers that confront us. Stress may be even more important.

In the interests of humanity it is essential that the governments of the world take some positive action as soon as possible. As it is, both the Left and the Right seem to be pursuing the same reckless policies. Economists, rather than ecologists, control the destiny of mankind.

The defeated Labour Government showed itself to be mildly interested in the problem; at least it made the right noises. However, the present administration has yet to give any indication that it is aware that any population/environment problem exists.

—Peter Tinning,
The Observer, London.

Method to Madness

ALL ARGUMENTS to the contrary, there must be more than madness in Prime Minister Trudeau's decision to recognize and possibly trade with Red China.

The staggering potential of a one-billion Chinese population by the end of a generation has aroused exciting possibilities in world markets and has even brought about a softening in the United States' attitude toward China.

Mr. Trudeau's bid to be first in line with an open door makes sense in the fact that the same aperture could also be used as an outlet for Canada's wheat.

—Henry Leahy,
The Telegram, Toronto.

The Dagwood Crisis

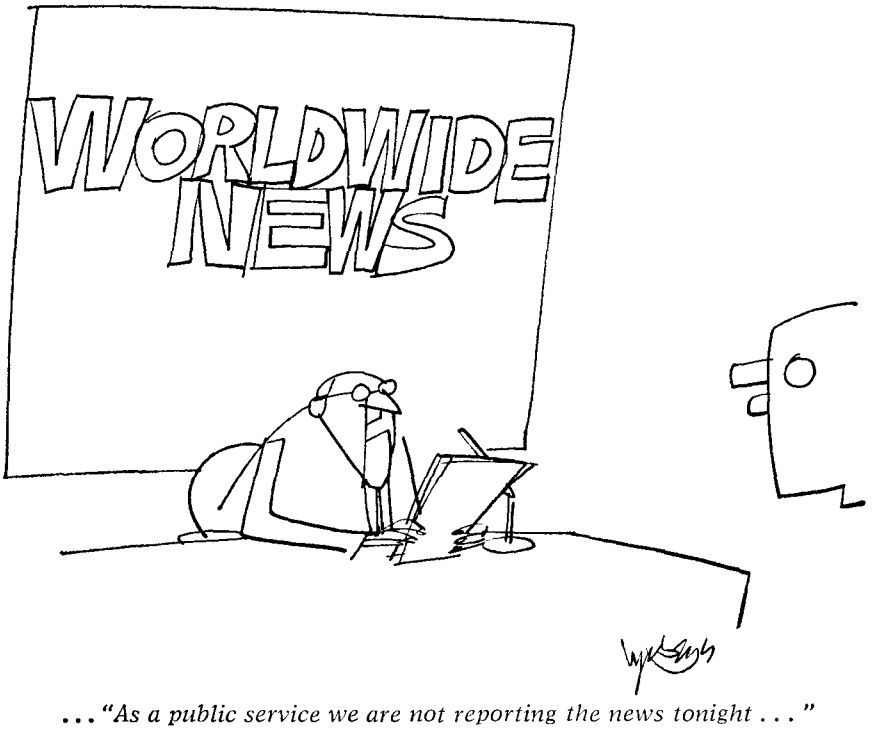
BOOKS ABOUT the masculinity crisis in the mom-centered society are not new. Potency panic, Eskimo Nell, the reduction of Papa to Dagwood Bumstead, "outwitted by his children, his wife, and even his dog"—if we have our equivalents they are less clamant. Possibly it is because we are less equalitarian: A woman doctor or film director is at an admitted if embarrassing social disadvantage in England. If she is so in Russia or America, it is not said so. The male must pretend that he accepts her, and shift his resentment into unexpressed fantasy. . . . For my money the American problem is not that the female has grown in her self-valuation but that the male has shrunk. . . .

—Alex Comfort,
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Voluntary Sterilization

MOST DUTCH general practitioners disapprove of voluntary sterilization as a means of birth control. Their resistance probably stems from a fear of possible adverse psychological consequences. How many doctors worry about a woman's psyche and about her monthly problem, her hope that she isn't pregnant? This seems to be a considerable danger to the nation's psyche.

—H. L. Barg,
Handelsblad, Amsterdam.
—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.



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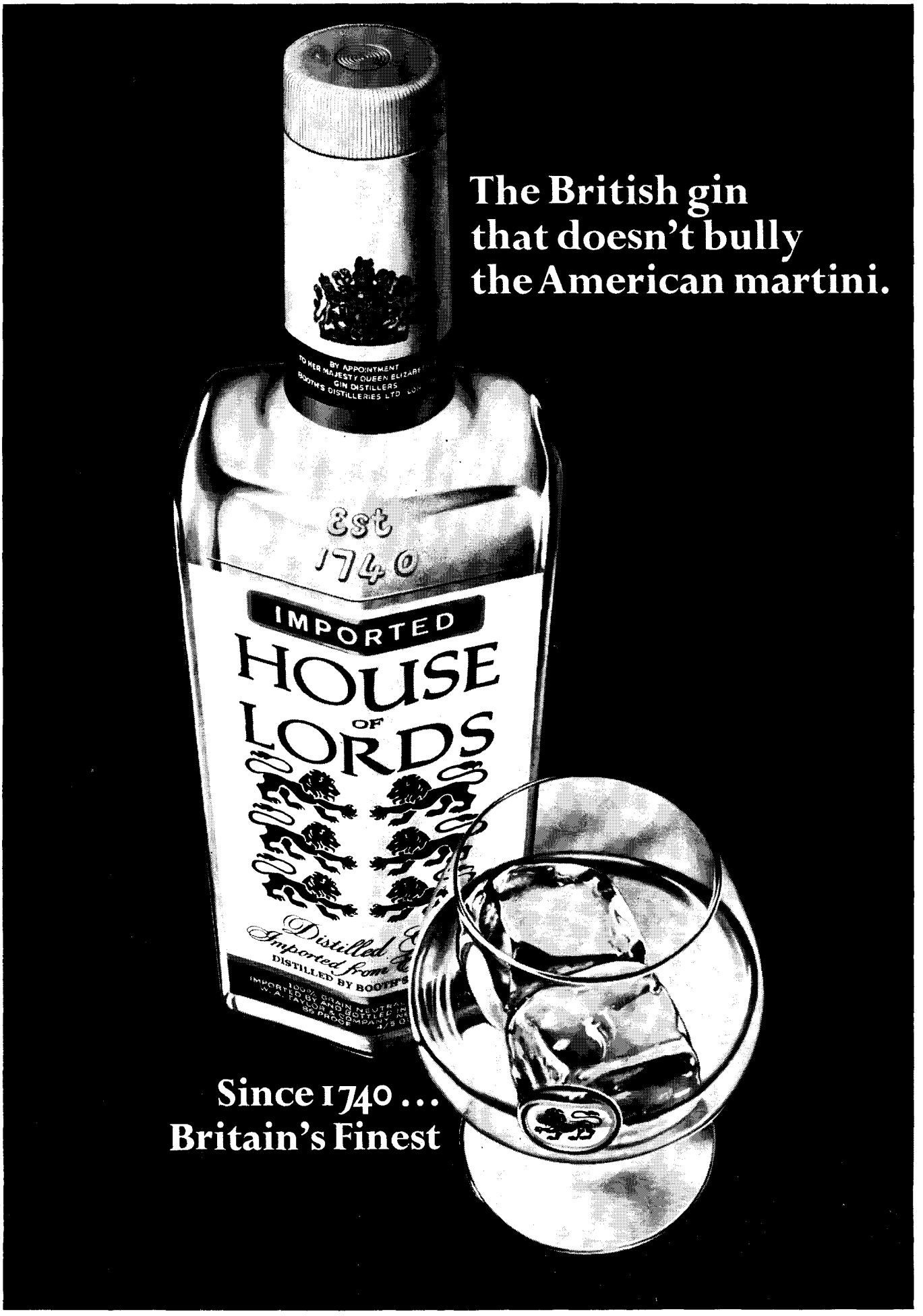

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Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Cliff Dwellers of Las Croabas

SOMEDAY, perhaps three civilizations from now, archeologists are going to uncover the ruins of El Conquistador Hotel and Club on the northeast shore of Puerto Rico, sift through the baffling evidence, and throw away their picks and trowels in desperation. Certainly 1970 curiosity seekers and assorted sybarites are not lost for descriptions of this strange cliff dwelling, but seldom do they agree on what to call it. A friend of mine who sells advertising space and sees a lot of the world, a man not normally given to outbursts of grandiloquence, described El Conquistador thusly on the eve of my departure from New York: "It's—it's a monument to vulgarity." Yet, on the journey home a New York architect, who has designed several hotels in Puerto Rico and who seemed a temperate, sensitive fellow, offered this appraisal: "It *is* vulgar, but in a wonderful way."

Those travelers who prefer to lap up history, culture, and native *objets* don't often find their way to the portals of El Conquistador (though taken together its furnishings constitute some kind of madcap museum). Landing at the San Juan Airport on a recent evening, I heard a fellow vulgarian bound for El Conquistador remark after a glimpse of the waiting crowd: "These are probably the last Puerto Ricans we'll see." Of course he was exaggerating since most of the hotel's 966 employees are islanders, but a person who never leaves the grounds, who pads between pool, golf course, and bar, and then drives straight back to the airport when the week or weekend is up might easily forget on what island he has burned.

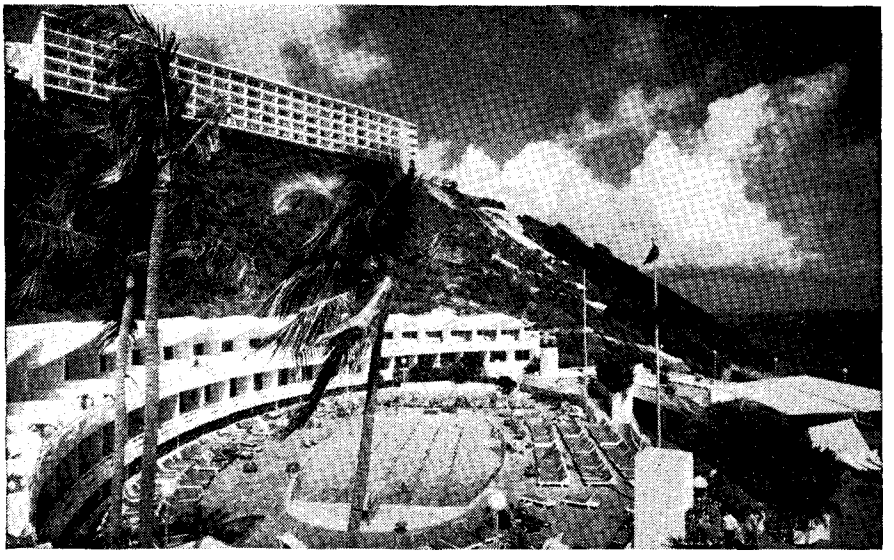
In the true spirit of hedonism, one would shuttle from airport to hotel in the house helicopter, but I took the thirty-five-mile overland route, which hews to the northern coast and introduces one to the nightly concert of *coquis*, the resident tree frogs barely the size of a thumbnail. Anything beyond the environs of San Juan is called "out on the island," and El Conquistador, riding a 325-foot cliff in the Las Croabas area, is the farthest-out of Puerto Rico's storied resorts.

At the entrance to the hotel looms a steel and bronze statue of a conquistador on horseback. It bears no resemblance to Louis Puro, chairman of the board, but it very well could, for he is one of Puerto Rico's latter-day conquistadors, a man of Lower East Side beginnings who made his first bundle with Purofied Down Products, the world's largest pillow manufacturer, and didn't get into hotel-buying until the early 1960s. First, he and his associates took over El San Juan, an Inter-Continental branch with muted appeal, and splashed it with big-name, high-priced stardust at a time when Las Vegas and Miami had a corner on such inducements. Then a few years later, on a weekend outing near the town of Fajardo, Puro stopped at a modest eighty-seven-room hotel with a fetching exposure to both the Caribbean and Atlantic in front and El Yunque rain forest out back.

Since Puro's acquisition, only the name has stayed the same. Like a twentieth-century Ferdinand, he sent ships across the sea to bring back riches, under the guidance of a young decorator named Alan Lanigan, who had stocked and redone El San Juan. As my architect acquaintance was to put it: "It looks as if everyone went out to buy, but nobody told anyone else what they were bringing back." Such is the charm of El Conquistador both inside and out: Ogling a carved Columbian lion, you figure this must be the Pan American Wing, and then stumble into a suit of armor retrieved from Spain. In the main castle atop the cliff—holding restaurants, nightclubs, casino, boutiques, beauty salon—there is a honeycomb of lobbies and lounges seemingly placed there to collect the showpieces Lanigan and his crew brought back: Philippine mahogany walls, seventeenth-century Florentine screens, iron gates pried loose from a Spanish prison, yards of Italian marble, and deep, soft leather chairs that look so precious people never seem to sit in them.

Another sensation the newcomer quickly undergoes is the feeling, despite a nearly year-round 388-room full occupancy, of having the hotel—or great swaths of it—to himself. This is partly because the facilities were intended to pamper 1,000 couples, and Puro, having already invested $42-million and beset by general economic woes, has had to postpone construction of the remaining 600-odd rooms. Guests stay in one of two wings up above or else ride the cable cars to the Ocean Front Lanai, a two-story crescent cut out near the bottom of the green hillside. Farther down, by a transferring funicular, lies a palm-encircled lagoon where one can get a taste of the real sea without actually stepping in it, the lagoon being fed by a submerged duct. Most of the daytime action is at the Ocean Front Lanai pool, the lagoon, and out on the golf course, a hilly spread too tough for its mostly middle-aged players to navigate without motorized cart.

Lou Puro, who makes fifty-two trips a year to assay his pair of island fiefs, doesn't play golf and didn't conceive El Conquistador with old duffers in mind. He spends a lot of time in the plushly appointed Health Spa, and that's where I found him on a warm and brilliant Friday morning in late November, a time when the high season minimum of $72 a day (double occupancy with two meals) was still a month off and guests were living the lives of voluptuaries for $42. Stretched out in his favorite little eyrie, the fourth-floor men's solarium,



El Conquistador Hotel—"Alpine conveyances crisscrossing the bluff."

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Puro was slathered in suntan oil and nothing else, looking far trimmer than the doughlike forms plunked down on nearby wooden planks. Both the men's and women's solariums have Roman Baths of perhaps twenty-five by twenty-five feet fed by numerous jets of water. Puro's agents call these the world's largest whirlpool baths.

Puro's favorite foreign hotels are the Plaza Athénée in Paris and the Beau Rivage in Lausanne. He's rather fond of El San Juan, too, but the one that renders him all but inarticulate is El Conquistador. One gets the impression that Puro remains just as dazzled by the resort and its sundry appointments as a first-time visitor. "I fell in love with the place as soon as I saw it," he said, squinting into the late-morning sun. "It has everything a tourist needs. When you're here, you don't have to do anything—just lie in the lagoon. It has all kinds of, uh, beautiful little things, doesn't it? When I walk around, the guests try to describe it to me. They say it's the most beautiful place they've seen." He got up to answer the telephone; it was a friend wanting in, but Puro had to tell him there was no room.

"It's really remarkable how we trained these boys," he went on, referring to a staff recruited mostly from the Las Croabas area. "We made them so willing. You know the employees themselves are very proud of the hotel."

If a visitor wandering around the 400-acre grounds (380 occupied by the golf course) thinks he is seeing Lou Puro again and again, it's because so many of the male guests are Xerox copies of the sleek, white-sideburned, well coifed host himself. El Conquistador's couples are so much alike in age (fifties), origin (northeast United States), and probably station (business) that camaraderie is instant and sometimes long-lived. I listened to a gravel-voiced Philadelphian bobbing up and down in the Ocean Front Lanai pool one afternoon as he regaled a couple and everyone else in earshot with tales of a rich family life. His mother had wanted him to be a doctor. "She's dead now, but wherever she is, she's happy because she knows in her heart that maybe her son didn't turn out to be a doctor, but with four grandchildren, at least one of them is going to make it."

Down at the lagoon I met a group of notably younger loungers, all members of a gambling tour from Toronto who had come down to try the casino. Among them were two young and attractive women. Certainly not single, one speculated. No, their husbands were up on the golf course. They seemed to regret the absence of other young couples, exactly why I couldn't ascertain.

A namesake in steel and bronze.

With so many Alpine conveyances crisscrossing the bluff, a rider sometimes gets the idea he's climbing to a tropical ski slope. Two Swiss-made cable cars constantly connect the cliff-top restaurants, casino, and other headline facilities with the lower settlement, where I stayed, and yet the geography of it all tends to separate and isolate the two communities. Room service cannot be summoned from above after 4 p.m., leading a plump lady to complain to me one morning that she had nearly starved to death the night before. A restaurant, the Big Fish, is open down there until 7 p.m. with a four-piece band (three parts Puerto Rican, one part Swiss) going during the cocktail hours. After that, and until 4 a.m., all the amenities are up top. "They want the rhumba style," the Swiss drummer told me. "And their favorite songs are 'Hava Nagila' and 'Alley Cat.'"

Puro's people say the company continues to get a return on its investment each year, but more than one doubter wondered in my ear how a place with such complex and flung-out logistics can keep from going under. Sybaris lasted only two hundred years. Here and there one could detect signs of decline. One of the funiculars was out of operation. A hydrofoil that used to run the forty-seven miles across to St. Thomas foundered on a rock last spring and still awaits repair. A subtler flaw was the sight,

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in a glass case near the reservations desk, of some kind of fungus growing unattended on the joints of an antique wood-carved animal. People complain, too, about the service, as they do everywhere, and if 966 employees can't look after 388 couples, then it's because (as a hotel official explained) Puerto Ricans aren't about to work up a sweat for anyone—a smile, yes, but not a sweat. "It's their way," I was told. "This is strictly mañana land."

Visitors tending to claustrophobia (if such a condition can occur on 400 acres) may charter a fifty-four-foot yawl skippered by Don Norton and Rick Gaiger and ply the near islands, or take a twice-daily catamaran cruise, or hire a car and explore El Yunque. That journey, though close at hand, was not recommended for weekends when the Puerto Ricans themselves get a chance to look at their island, and traffic tangles the main roads.

Casinos are not my idea of pleasant diversion, but the gambling den at El Conquistador exudes a velvety, muffled air that takes some of the high-pitched strain out of the sport. Its circular shape and stainless-steel coolness suggest a planetarium. Sugar's, the main nightclub, rarely fills its 250 purple chairs (all of different shapes), but weekends bring younger faces from the neighboring towns into the glassy, classy club. One of the main topics around the bar was the presence of a white-haired gentleman and his considerably younger platinum-haired companion. I happened to trail them out and then watched a group of middle-aged husbands, taking a respite from gambling, turn on their heels and gaze after the couple. "It's his daughter," said one. "Nah, his niece."

Hotel guests are also encouraged to make a nighttime run to Puro's El San Juan, where the gambling and swinging are intensified. We almost hit a cow on the way but otherwise stayed out of trouble. For those who might miss it, the Tropicoro nightclub has reproduced El Yunque rain forest. A canopy of cleverly bogus vines and leaves covers the vast room, and bluish lights create a dripping grotto effect. A sign in front of the casino declares: GENTLEMEN ARE REQUIRED TO WEAR NECKTIES AND SOCKS. Among other items.

Women nearly equaled the men in numbers at the blackjack, craps, and roulette tables, but many wives chose to wait it out in somber silence sitting on the fringes in high-backed thrones that engulfed them like beauty salon driers. I tried one. All the familiar casino sounds are reduced to a faint hum. It struck me that this female vigil must be analogous to a husband's in a maternity waiting room. I wonder which is tougher.

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*The lute and the balalaika are each the favored accompaniment to respectively, English and Russian folk songs. To date, a balalaika version of Greensleeves or a lute version of Orchicharnya have not been recorded.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Symphony by Rochberg (et al.); Inspired "Elektra"; Dean Dixon

STRICTLY SPEAKING, the idea of weaving bits and pieces of music by others into a score of his own did not originate with Luciano Berio, though his recent *Sinfonia* is its best-known embodiment to date. It was first practiced by Igor Stravinsky, in his allusions to Rossini and Tchaikovsky in such scores as *Le Baiser de la fée* and *Jeu de cartes*. Now George Rochberg has promoted Berio's initiative to a credo by utilizing in his Symphony No. 3, recently introduced at a performance in the Juilliard Theater, not merely extensive references to three works of Beethoven and others by Mahler and Ives, but the whole of a cantata by Heinrich Schütz.

As to the primary query: Why?—there was a ready answer in Berio's utilization of a movement in Mahler's Second Symphony as a "carrier" on which to base a shadow play of his own. It had a spatial shape, a graspable context, a perimeter within a larger perimeter. Rochberg's Third Symphony does not present such a context or define such a relation of elements. The cantata of Schütz elaborates the biblical text *"Saul, Saul, Saul/ Was verfolgst du mich?"* ("Saul, Saul, Saul/Why do you persecute me?"—a question applicable to any contemporary malaise a creator cares to invoke. Rochberg's comment touches upon the transformation by which Saul became Paul and preached "the divinity of the man he had formerly despised." And there was the other Saul, first king of Israel and persecutor of David, whose image doubles the visions in the composer's mind.

It is no small problem in adjustment to digest a Schütz cantata while feasting on a work by another, which includes as incidental side dishes a lengthy stretch of the "Funeral March" from Beethoven's *Eroica*, a portion of the "Agnus Dei" from his *Missa solemnis*, and a tension-laden extract from the first movement of the Choral Symphony. It is, for me, dislocating, not to say incommoding. All the allusions are dispensed by a very large orchestra interrelated with an oversized chorus and a vocal quartet. Indeed, the playing of Rochberg could have stopped at any point and the performance devoted to either the *Missa solemnis* or the Ninth Symphony, with personnel to spare.

The persisting question, to revert to a prior paragraph, is: With all this resource at his command, why does Rochberg feel obliged to work in such terms of reference? I don't have an answer for Rochberg, certainly; but I cannot help recalling that, for years on end, it was all the vogue for composers to work with materials that were totally unintelligible and completely disengaging. Is the bankruptcy of that practice at the heart of this trend in a totally opposite direction? That makes two questions without an answer, one more than enough for any review. The Rochberg symphony was performed with enthusiasm and zeal by an instrumental ensemble of Juilliard personnel, which included Joyce Mathis, soprano; Joy Blackett, alto; John Russell, tenor; Robert Shiesley, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale, all under the direction of Abraham Kaplan and two associate conductors. One cued portions of the choral ensemble when they were split off from the main group, and another functioned similarly for splinter instrumental factions.

The confluence of Birgit Nilsson's first Metropolitan Opera appearance of the season and Karl Böhm's first turn ever at conducting Strauss's *Elektra* in New York released a tidal wave of energy that has not been matched in that theater this season. Add to the incidence of two such polar personalities as Nilsson and Böhm the magnetic attractions of Leonie Rysanek (Chrysothemis), Regina Resnik (Klytaemnestra), and Thomas Stewart (Orest) and the stage was alive with relevant action at all times. It was one of those evenings when Helge Brilioth, the Met's newest tenor, was performing the cameo part of Aegisth and making a real contribution for all its brevity.

Böhm's associations with Strauss, personal as well as artistic, have produced more than a few memorable nights at the Metropolitan, and the latest was far from the least. He may not have the flair of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the infinite expertise of Fritz Reiner, or the compelling force of George Szell—to mention a few of the Metropolitan's *Elektra* conductors—but he has a solid grasp of the subject matter and a fulfilling authority that makes everything—as well as everybody—go his way. Fortunately, it is also Strauss's. As Miss Nilsson has prepared for this New York return with the easy exercise of several Isoldes in San Francisco, she was in glossy voice and fervent spirits for a part that is one of the glories of her repertory. It is a matter of course that whatever Nilsson sings will be well vocalized. This *Elektra* abounded not only in vocal subtleties (enough *pianissimi* for a lieder recital, for one thing) but in a range of dramatic effects that suggested Miss Nilsson has absorbed all her prior directors (including the late Wieland Wagner) have been able to give her, and added some of her own. Too bad she still favors a costume that is more ball gown than the rags appropriate to the humiliation imposed on Elektra by her mother.

In the main, it was a special virtue of this *Elektra*, with such poised performers as Resnik, Rysanek, and Stewart coming and going, to be consistently and unremittingly credible for drama as well as for song. Those versed in the Strauss-Hofmannsthal melodrama have long rated it music's most carefully crafted time bomb, whose delayed fuse smolders for a full hour and forty minutes—without interruption—before ignition. It never fails to go off, even when the detonation triumphs over some less than inflammable links. This was an occasion when every little integer contributed its flammable share to an explosion (in applause) that will be long remembered.

Dean Dixon's first appearance on the Philharmonic podium brought a Beethoven tribute with a difference from the first black conductor to qualify for this position. Dixon's effort, whether in the *Coriolan* Overture, the Violin Concerto with Henryk Szeryng as soloist, or the *Pastoral* Symphony impressed me as directed more toward the orchestra than the audience.

Much of the time, Dixon's procedures and purposes appeared to be designed to prove to the orchestra that he was wholly equipped to do this job his own way, with nothing left to chance, happenstance, or the orchestra's uninstructed good will. The only casualty in this procedure was, unfortunately, the music he was conducting. Holding back the climax of the *Coriolan* as he did made perfectly good musical logic; but this left the first two-thirds of the work understressed, lacking tension or forward movement. Similarly, for all the adroit mechanics —hand signals, cues, visual telegraphy, etc.—in the Concerto, the orchestral part was scaled to an accompaniment rather than the co-partner in prominence to the soloist it should be. For his part, Szeryng was absorbed more with physical externals than spiritual insights. It was superb violin playing and often absorbing Beethoven, but always with the performer a little more prominently in the picture than the composer. Dixon had his best success with the *Pastoral*, a serious, well-considered, understanding restatement.

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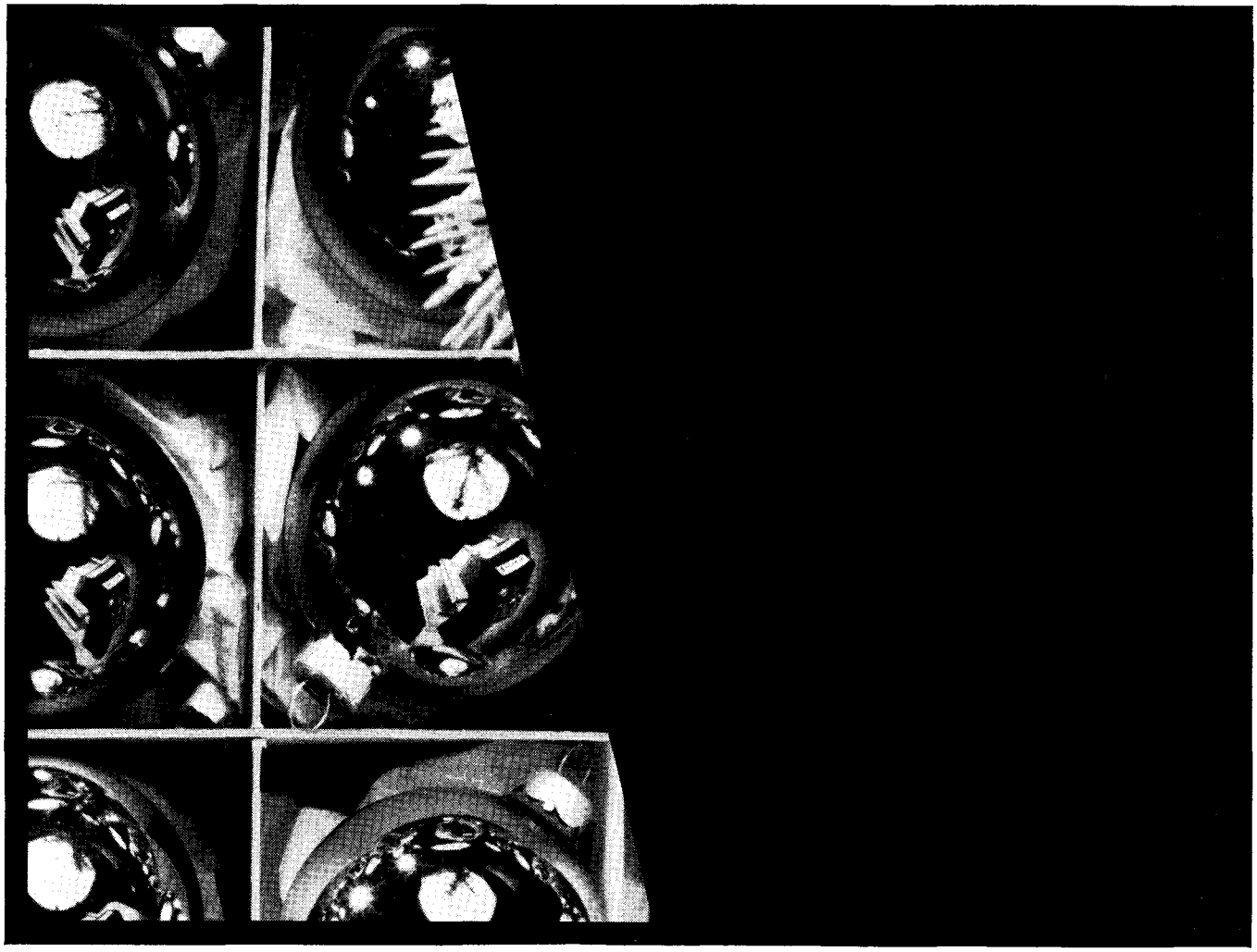

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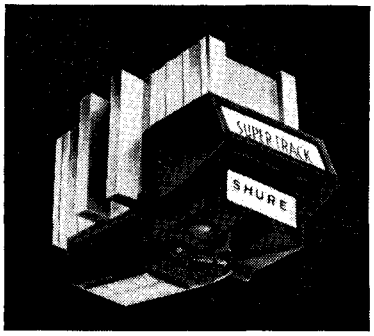

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Editorial

Continued from page 24

pay farmers not to grow it; untold thousands of tons of food are rotting in storage bins.

Apart from America's puny response to the worst recorded disaster in the past century, the absence of any coordinated international effort in Pakistan reveals a profound flaw in the way human society is organized. Life on this planet will make little sense until such time as human security rather than national security becomes the highest concern and dominant value. Concepts of social justice should apply to the human habitat as a whole and not merely to situations inside the national units. People caught up in great ordeals should not have to wait for officials of nations with obvious relief capacity to volunteer foodstuffs or medicine. A world government with authority to meet common dangers and common needs should be able to commandeer food, wherever it is available. In fact, no greater indictment of contemporary human society can be made than is represented by the absence of a responsible world authority to safeguard the human estate at a time when the principal problems affecting human life are world problems.

The lack of adequate world authority is not the result of any basic structural flaw in the United Nations. It is the result of a philosophical failure. The intelligence of man has yet to be trained directly on his greatest need, which is to manage his planet for his own good. Tribalism still blinds him to those things that are most essential for his proper functioning and indeed his survival. If we are looking for demons to exorcise, this is a good place to begin. —N.C.

No, Madame, I Won't Take Anything from the Garden when I Move

by Sonya Dorman

Along the east wall built of rubble stone,
covered with ivy, the iris come up.
Green fans with a thrust rising from each
rhizome, unfolding on top: Desert Song,
Bronze Garland, Blue Lake, and Foxgrape.
From early May through June the wet tissues
fold in, crumpling, withered, like hands
finished with prayer.
In a moist corner behind the lilacs
I leave Monkshood for that woman
who doesn't know sour grass is good salad.

June. On the slope behind the house
under the dogwood's whiskered green berries
drifts of daylilies open from sweet green pea-
like pods, delicious boiled and buttered.
Out come daily orange flowers with tickling pepper
spots in their throats. I take the wilted
blossoms to simmer in my soups
while down below
thrives the Monkshood I leave for that woman
who'll lie in the sun and let weeds grow.

False Dragonhead, with serrated green edges,
rampages through bluebell and Veronica.
In August, when mildew's on the phlox and even
wild bees are weary, its raspberry-lavenders
blaze up the kitchen side where I make
a last dandelion salad before going, and I
smile at the secret
heights of Monkshood behind the lilac boughs
ready to burst into purple for that woman
who's been measuring my rose bed for a carport.

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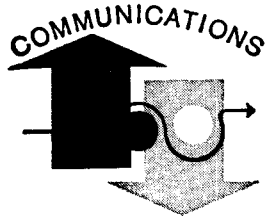

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

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When Officials Shackle the News

We are indebted to the national journalistic fraternity Sigma Delta Chi for a disquieting report from the Advancement of Freedom of Information Committee that recently summed up the year 1970 as well over on the debit side in the never ending battle for a free and unhampered press. On p. 53 of this week's issue, Walter Cronkite, the eminent broadcaster, goes into greater detail about what a television newscaster is up against these days, and we heartily recommend his article. Meanwhile, let's examine what has been wrong and right this past year in the climate for freedom of information and its unlimited dissemination among Americans.

The in-depth survey reminds us that the Chief Justice of the United States occasionally barred radio/television coverage of his public pronouncements and tried (in vain) to control reprint rights to his "state of the judiciary" address to the American Bar Association. The Chief Justice also initiated the practice of taking into his confidence two wire service reporters assigned to the Supreme Court beat and supplying them with exclusive background material denied other newsmen. The Attorney General, about the same time, once more asserted the right of the federal judiciary to subpoena newsmen, and a federal judge in Baltimore boasted that he could require any newspaper to disclose its news sources, though he chose not to exercise that right in a bribery case being tried before him.

Then there were the President and the Vice President of the United States, who did little or nothing to advance the dissemination of information in this unsettling year. The President went for weeks at a time without holding a give-and-take news conference, while the Vice President seemed to select newsmen accompanying him on his extensive travels in direct proportion to the editorial friendliness of their newspapers toward the administration. To say that the Vice President stirred up the animals with his slashing attacks on all news media is to understate one of the big news stories of 1970.

At the suggestion of the Justice Department, a Washington federal court carefully excluded public and press from all pretrial argument involving wiretapping in a narcotics case. The administration's view was that the secret proceedings were essential to ensure subsequent paneling of an impartial jury; here, of course, we run into the age-old clash between those who work in law and seek a fair trial for their clients and those who labor under the sometimes deluded notion that the expression "freedom of the press" means just what it says.

Naturally, the year was not without developments favoring greater public access to information in the United States. At both state and federal levels, statutory protection for newsmen—protection from fishing expedition subpoenas that would compel the reporter to divulge his news sources and confidential information—seemed to gain intensified interest in many parts of the country. Also, a Congressional reorganization bill was passed in the House eliminating secret voting, opening Congressional committees to broadcast coverage, and airing Congressional procedures all along the line to improve the information climate on the Hill. Most newsmen feel that greater public visibility in the lawmaking process, such as broadcast coverage of not only Congressional committees but floor action as well, can do nothing but advance and improve the quality of lawmaking and the enlightenment of the voting public.

At the same Chicago meeting of Sigma Delta Chi, where the Freedom of Information Committee made its report and where Mr. Cronkite addressed the

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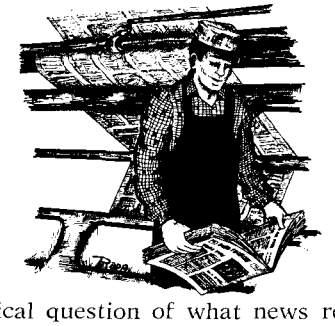
national convention, Mrs. Katharine Graham, president of the Washington Post Company, warned all journalists of two recent findings by U.S. pollsters. The first was Lou Harris's discovery that 72 per cent of the best-educated Americans are among those most distrustful of the press; the second, George Gallup's personal observation that "never in my time has journalism of all types—book publishing, television, radio, newspapers, magazines—been held in such low esteem. . . .We have raised up a new kind of person in the United States during the last three decades. He's much better educated, more enlightened, and he's no longer satisfied with the obsolete practices, the tired formulas that we have handed down in journalism, all designed for a different kind of person brought up in an entirely different age." Mrs. Graham added that while this strong charge does not entirely support the theory that the press is elite or snobbish or hypereducated (although it may suggest that the new generation of readers and TV watchers looks down on journalism), it does say emphatically that we are not doing our job right. Said Mrs. Graham: "The hard fact is that we are not believed, and to find out why we must examine more intently than ever the



critical question of what news really is and we must assess our means and methods of gathering and presenting it."

While saying a hearty amen to the comments from the remarkable lady who runs the Washington *Post*, we have to add that her town is brimming over these days with people at the very highest level of government who don't really believe in the validity of the First Amendment and who toss every roadblock they can find in the path of the diligent reporter. If we in this business win out, it will be due in no small measure to watchdogs such as the Advancement of Freedom of Information Committee, whose ultimate value to the democracy cannot be overstated. Justice Brandeis put it best of all: "The function of the press is very high. It is almost holy. It ought to serve as a forum for the people, through which the people may know freely what is going on. To misstate or suppress the news is a breach of trust." —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Please Make Note Of

DOROTHY JOHN [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Nov. 14] regrets that today's English students are not taught to diagram a sentence. I regret that Miss John did not have the same English teacher I did, who told us "never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

Miss John writes, "That is a practice they never heard of."

JACK F. DAILEY,
Winter Park, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Some sententious underling once corrected Winston Churchill for ending a sentence with a preposition, and Churchill scrawled across the "edited" item: "This is the sort of nonsense up with which I will not put."*

Postal Rates and Lobby Money

I'LL BE WATCHING with interest the reaction to R. L. T.'s editorial "Postal Rates and Periodicals" [*SR*, Nov. 14]. I have expanded my periodicals subscriptions the past couple of years to include such newspaper-form publications as *The National Observer*, hoping to offset the flagrant disregard for objective journalism by our local newspapers. And it occurs to me that the newspapers might be the special interest group that will try hardest to influence the Congress in its consideration of postage rates favorable to the magazines.

There are citizen groups, however, that see the withdrawal of such postal advantages as a means of controlling commerce in pornographic literature. The possibility of throttling the intellect in an effort to keep virgin minds unsoiled hasn't impeded the dedicated determination of these people in the past. In this day of financial power politics, the "men's" magazines might be the only ally with enough lobby money to keep, so far as I'm concerned, the only reasonably objective information source in business. I've long since accepted the fact that citizens' letters to their "elected representatives in government" on a subject like this won't do a *helluva lot of good*.

We can't afford to continue to encourage the news magazines to stay in business, but the odds look pretty good that we will afford to dry out the government bureaus' alcoholics and accept another bureau to be supported by the bone-weary taxpayer (see Senate Bill 3835 and the *Congressional Record*—Senate of August 10, 1970).

EARL SEAY,
La Mesa, Calif.

IN HIS EDITORIAL "Postal Rates and Periodicals" R.L.T. is given free license to comment, criticize, and persuade his audience. He is not given free license to twist, distort, or omit facts to make his commentary stronger. If the rates of some periodicals are increased even as much as 100 per cent, those heretofore favored publications will not even then be paying rates equal to others. Second class is divided into various rate segments that currently are vastly different for consumer-paid weeklies vs. business-controlled. Both could be defined as national (Mr. Tobin's word), which carries a geographic rather than demographic meaning.

For years those of us connected with business-controlled publications have chafed under the rate differential imposed upon us—and yet we have managed to be profitable, in spite of the postage bills. I would suggest that there be an equity—lower our rates with improved service for all and we will join with R. L. T. in questioning why the Post Office should be required to break even. But clearly an equity is long overdue, and I rather imagine it will be achieved by raising the rates for all those other periodicals that have not been carrying their fair share.

NANCY L. MERRITT,
Hayden Publishing Company, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

In Praise of Marya Mannes

THE ARTICLE by Marya Mannes "Television: The Splitting Image" [*SR*, Nov. 14] could work just as well entitled: "The Spitting Image." Before we are washed away, dentures and all, in a sea of high-phosphate detergent by commercial television, we had better pause and give her article the attention it deserves. *SR* could do a great service for the viewing public by making reprints available for those who would like to inundate their favorite sponsors.

E. SCHMIDT,
Athens, O.

Classic Maneloveg

HERBERT D. MANELOVEG'S article "Is the Agency in Trouble?" [*SR*, Nov. 14] is classic. It's rare that a writer can sense and reveal the essences of an industry in transition. He's done it. And superbly. It certainly helped confirm my thinking and our firm's planning direction. I trust the article will get a wide readership among the people who can effect change.

MILTON GARFIELD,
President,
Garfield-Linn and Company,
Chicago, Ill.

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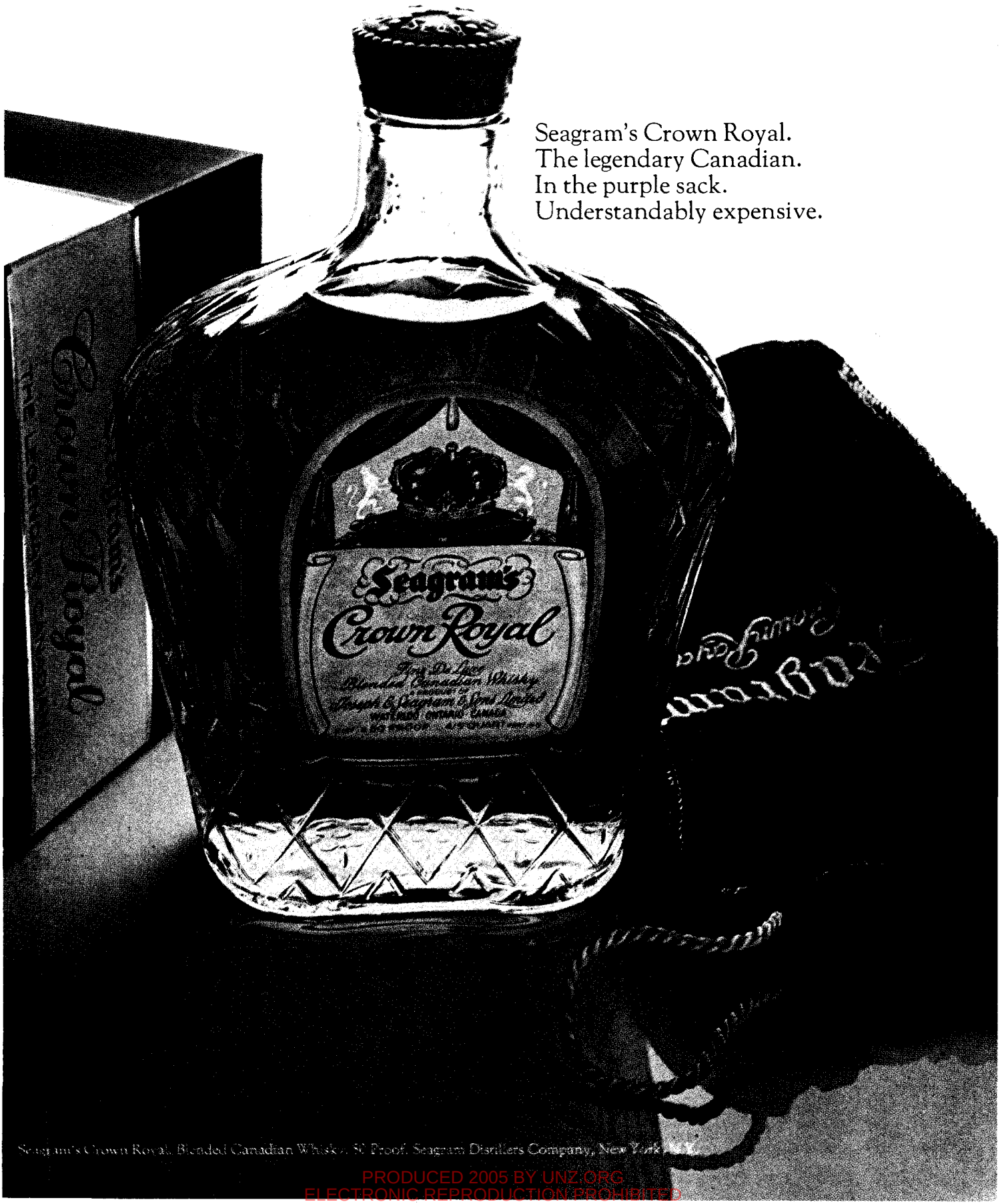

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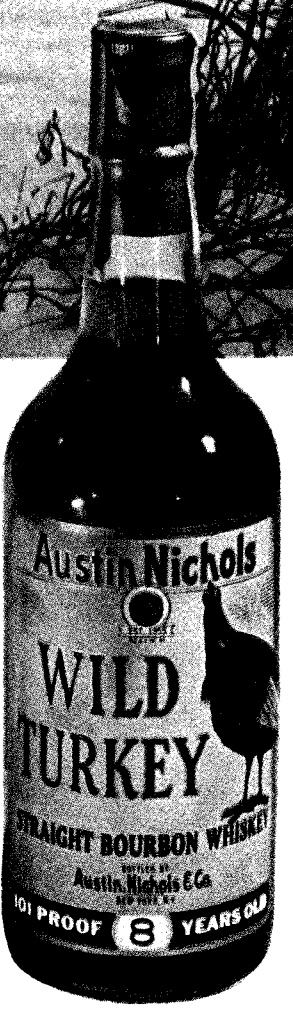

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Broadcaster Cronkite: "A major problem is imposed by the clock."

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BROADCAST NEWS

by WALTER CRONKITE

When Vice President Agnew, in November 1969, unleashed his attack upon the news media, he was following, albeit with unique linguistic and philosophic departures, a long line of predecessors. Somewhere in the history of our Republic there may have been a high government official who said he had been treated fairly by the press, but for the life of me, however, I can't think of one.

Mr. Agnew's attacks, of course, were particularly alarming because of their sustained virulence and intimidating nature. But the Vice President was simply joining the chorus (or, seeing political opportunity, attempting to lead it) of those who have appointed themselves critics of the television medium. Well, I don't like everything I see on television either, but I am frank to say I'm somewhat sick and mighty tired of broadcast journalism being constantly dragged into the operating room and dissected, probed, swabbed, and needled to see what makes it tick.

I'm tired of sociologists, psychologists, pathologists, educators, parents, bureaucrats, politicians, and other special interest groups presuming to tell us what is news or where our responsibilities lie.

Or perhaps I'm phrasing this wrong. It is not those who squeeze us between their slides and hold us under their microscopes with whom my patience has grown short. The society *should* understand the impact of television upon it. There are aspects of it that need study so that the people can cope with an entirely revolutionary means of communication. Those who disagree with our news coverage have every right to criticize. We can hardly claim rights to a free press and free speech while begrudging those rights to our critics. Indeed, that would seem to be what some of them would like to do to us. So believing, it clearly cannot be the responsible critics or serious students of the TV phenomenon with whom I quarrel. I am provoked more by those in our craft who, like wide-eyed country yokels before the pitchman, are losing sight of the pea under the shell.

We must expose the demagogues who would undermine this nation's free media for personal or partisan political gain. That is news. And we should not withhold our cooperation from serious studies of the medium. But we must not permit these matters to divert us from our task, or confuse us as to what that task is.

I don't think it is any of our business what the moral, political, social, or economic effect of our reporting is. I say let's get on with the job of reporting the news—and let the chips fall where they may. I suggest we concentrate on doing our job of telling it like it is and not be diverted from that exalted task by the apoplectic apostles of alliteration.

Now, a fair portion of what we do is not done well. There are things we are not doing that we ought to do. There are challenges that we have not yet fully met. We are a long way from perfection. Our problems are immense, and they are new and unique.

A major problem is imposed by the clock. In an entire half-hour news broadcast we speak only as many words as there are on two-thirds of one page of a standard newspaper. Clearly, the stricture demands tightness of writing and editing, and selection, unknown in any other form of journalism. But look what we do with that time. There are twenty items in an average newscast—some but a paragraph long, true, but all with the essential information to provide at least a guide to our world that day. Film clips that, in a way available to no other daily medium, introduce our viewers to the people and the places that make the news; investigative reports (pocket documentaries) that expose weakness in our democratic fabric (not enough of these, but we're coming along), feature film reports that explore the byways of America and assure us that the whole world hasn't turned topsy-turvy; graphics that in a few seconds communicate a great deal of information; clearly identified analysis, or commentary, on the news—I think that is quite a package.

The transient, evanescent quality of our medium—the appearance and disappearance of our words and pictures at almost the same instant—imposes another of our severe problems. Most of us would agree that television's greatest asset is the ability to take the public to the scene—the launch of a spaceship, a Congressional hearing, a political convention, or a disaster (in some cases these are not mutually exclusive). Live coverage of such continuing, developing events presents the radio-television newsman with a challenge unlike any faced by the print reporter. The newspaper legman, rewrite man, and editor meet the pressure of deadlines and must make hard decisions fast and accurately. But multiply their problems and decisions a thousandfold and you scarcely have touched on the problems of the electronic journalist broadcasting live. Even with the most intensive coverage it still is difficult and frequently impossible to get all the facts and get all of them straight as a complex and occasionally violent story is breaking all around. We do have to fill in additional material on subsequent broadcasts, and there is the danger that not all the original audience is there for the fuller explanation.

When a television reporter, in the midst of the riot or the floor demonstration or the disaster, dictates his story, he is not talking to a rewrite man but directly to the audience. There is no editor standing between him and the reader. He will make mistakes, but

This article has been adapted by Mr. Cronkite from an address he made recently at the Chicago convention of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

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his quotient for accuracy must be high or he is not long for this world of electronic journalism. We demand a lot of these on-the-scene television reporters. I for one think they are delivering in magnificent fashion.

Directors of an actuality broadcast, like newspaper photo editors, have several pictures displayed on the monitors before them. But they, unlike their print counterparts, do not have ten minutes, or five, or even one minute to select the picture their audience will see. Their decision is made in seconds. Theirs is a totally new craft in journalism, but they have imbued it with all the professionalism and sense of responsibility and integrity of the men of print. Of course we make mistakes, but how few are the errors compared to the fielding chances!

Our profession is encumbered, even as it is liberated, by the tools of our trade. It is a miracle—this transmission of pictures and voices through the air, the ability to take the whole world to the scene of a single event. But our tools still are somewhat gross. Miniaturization and other developments eventually will solve our problem, but for the moment our cameras and our lights and our tape trucks and even our microphones are obtrusive. It is probably true that their presence can alter an event, and it probably also is true that they alter it even more than the presence of reporters with pad and pencil, although we try to minimize our visibility. But I think we should not be too hasty in adjudging this as always a bad thing. Is it not salutary that the government servant, the politician, the rioter, the miscreant knows that he is operating in the full glare of publicity, that the whole world is watching?

Consider political conventions. They have been a shambles of democratic malfunction since their inception, and printed reports through the years haven't had much effect in reforming them. But now that the voters have been taken to them by television, have sat through the sessions with the delegates and seen the political establishment operate to suppress rather than develop the democratic dialogue, there is a stronger reform movement than ever before, and the chances of success seem brighter.

I would suggest that the same is true of the race rioters and the student demonstrators, whatever the justice of the point they are trying to make. Of course they use television. Hasn't that always been the point of the demonstrator—to attract attention to his cause? But the *excesses* of the militants on ghetto streets and the nation's campuses, shown by television with almost boring repetition, tend to repel rather than enlist support, and this is a lesson I hope and *believe* that rational leaders are learning.

Scarcely anyone would doubt that television news has expanded to an immeasurable degree the knowledge of many people who either cannot or do not read. We have broadened the interests of another sizable group whose newspaper reading is confined to the headlines, sports, and comics. We are going into homes of the untutored, teaching underprivileged and disadvantaged who have never known a book. We are exposing them to a world they scarcely knew existed, and while advertisements and entertainment programing whet their thirst for a way of life they believe beyond them, we show them that there are people and movements, inside and outside the Establishment, that are trying to put the good things within their reach.

Without any intent to foster revolution, by simply doing our job as journalists with ordinary diligence and an extraordinary new medium, we have awakened a sleeping giant. No wonder we have simultaneously aroused the ire of those who are comfortable with the status quo. Many viewers happily settled in their easy chairs under picture windows that frame leafy boughs and flowering bushes and green grass resent our parading the black and bearded, the hungry and unwashed through their living rooms, reminding them that there is another side of America that demands their attention. It is human nature to avoid confronting the unpleasant. No one *wants* to hear that "our boys" are capable of war crimes, that our elected officials are capable of deceit or worse. I think I can safely say that there are few of us who want to report such things. But as professional journalists we have no more discretion in whether to report or not to report when confronted with the facts than does a doctor in deciding to remove a gangrenous limb.

If it *happened*, the people are entitled to know. There is no condition that can be imposed on that dictum without placing a barrier (censorship) between the people and the truth—at once as fallible and corrupt as only self-serving men can make it. The barrier can be built by government—overtly by dictatorship or covertly with propaganda on the political stump, harassment by subpoena, or abuse of the licensing power. Or the barrier can be built by the news media themselves. If we permit our news judgment to be colored by godlike decisions as to what is good for our readers, listeners, or viewers, we are building a barrier—no matter how pure our motives. If we permit friendship with sources to slow our natural reflexes, we also build a barrier. If we lack courage to face the criticism and consequences of our reporting, we build barriers.

But of all barriers that we might put between the people and the truth, the most ill-considered is the one that some would erect to protect their profits. In all media, under our precious free enterprise system, there are those who believe performance can only be measured by circulation or ratings. The newspaper business had its believers long before we were on the scene. They practiced editing by readership survey. Weak-willed but greedy publishers found out what their readers *wanted* to read and gave it to them—a clear abdication of their duties as journalists and, I would submit, a nail in the coffin of newspaper believability.

Today, before the drumfire assault of the hysterical Establishment and the painful complaints of a frightened populace, there are many in our business who believe we should tailor our news reports to console our critics. They would have us report more good news and play down the war, revolution, social disturbance. There certainly is nothing wrong with good news. In fact, by some people's lights we report quite a lot of it: an anti-pollution bill through Congress, a report that the cost of living isn't going up as fast as it was last month, settlement of a labor dispute, the announcement of a medical breakthrough, plans for a new downtown building. There isn't anything wrong either with the stories that tell us what is right about America, that reminds us that the virtues that made this nation strong still exist and prosper despite the turmoil of change.

But when "give us the good news" becomes a euphemism for "don't give us so much of that bad news"—and in our business one frequently means the other—the danger signal must be hoisted.

It is possible that some news editors have enough time allotted by their managements to cover all the significant news of their areas—much of it, presumably, in the "bad" category—and still have time left over for a "good news" item or two. But for many and certainly those at the network level, that is not the case. To crowd in the "happy" stories would mean crowding out material of significance. Some good-news advocates know this, and it is precisely what they want: to suppress the story of our changing society in the hope that if one ignores evil it will go away.

Others simply are tired of the constant strife. They would like a little relief from the daily budget of trouble

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that reminds them of the hard decisions they as citizens must face. But can't they see that pandering to the innocent seeking relief is to yield to those who would twist public opinion to control our destiny?

It is no coincidence that these manipulative methods parallel those adopted half a century ago by Russian revolutionaries also seeking the surest means to bend the population to their will. You will not find bad news in Russian newspapers or on broadcast media. There are no reports of riots, disturbances of public order, muggings or murders, train, plane, or auto wrecks. There are no manifestations of race prejudice, disciplinary problems in army ranks. There is no exposure of malfeasance in public office—other than that which the government chooses to exploit for its own political purposes. There is no dissent over national policy, no argument about the latest weapons system.

There is a lot of good news—factories making their quotas, happy life on the collective farm, successes of Soviet diplomacy, difficulties in the United States. The system works. Without free media—acerbic, muckraking, irreverent—the Soviet people are placid drones and the Soviet Establishment runs the country the way it wants it run.

Since it is hard to know the real motives in others' minds—indeed, it is hard sometimes to know our own motives—and since few are likely to admit that they would seek to suppress dissent from Establishment norms, it would be wrong to ascribe such Machiavellian connivance to the good-news advocates. The only trouble is that the other, more likely motive—profiting from the news by pandering to public taste—is almost as frightening. To seek the public's favor by presenting the news it wants to hear is to fail to understand the function of the media in a democracy. We are not in the business of winning popularity contests, and we are not in the entertainment business. It is not our job to please anyone except Diogenes.

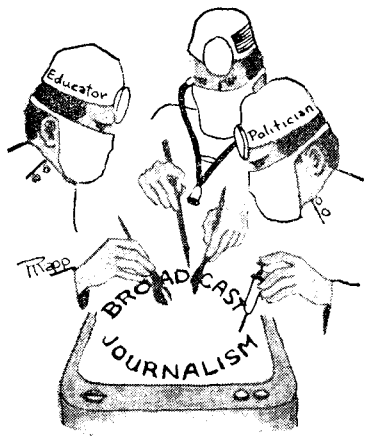
The newsman's purpose is contrary to the goal of almost everyone else who shares the airwaves with us, and perhaps we should not be too harsh with those executives with the ultimate responsibility for station and network management. We are asking a great deal of them. For seventeen of the eighteen hours during an average broadcast day their job is to win friends and audience. They and we live on how successfully they do this difficult job.

But then we ask them to turn a deaf ear to the complaints of those dissatisfied with what we present in the remaining minutes of the day. We ask them to be professionally schizoid—and that would seem to be a lot to ask. But is it, really? After all, in another sense, as journalists we live this life of dual personality. There is not a man who can truthfully say that he does not harbor in his breast prejudice, bias, strong sentiments pro and con on some if not all the issues of the day.

Yet it is the distinguishing mark of the professional journalist that he can set aside these personal opinions in reporting the day's news. None of us succeeds in this task in all instances, but we know the assignment and the pitfalls, and we succeed far more often than we fail or than our critics would acknowledge. We have a missionary duty to try to teach this basic precept of our craft to those of our bosses who have not yet learned it. We in broadcasting, at least, cannot survive as a major news medium if we fail.

We were well on the way before the current wave of politically inspired criticism. In my twenty years in broadcasting I have seen more and more station owners taking courage from their news editors, tasting the heady fruit of respect that can be won by the fearless conveyer of the truth. Some years ago William Allen White wrote that "nothing fails so miserably as a cowardly newspaper." I suspect he spoke not only of commercial failure but of the greater failure: not winning the confidence of the people. A radio or television station also can fail this test of courage, and when it does its owner wins not a community's respect and gratitude but its contempt.

Broadcast management is going to need a stiff backbone in the days ahead—not only for its own well-being but for the good of us all. We are teetering on the brink of a communications crisis that could undermine the foundation of our democracy that is a free and responsible press. We all know the present economic background. We in radio and television with our greater impact and our numerous outlets have forced many of our print competitors out of business. It is a rare American city today that has more than one newspaper. And yet I think most of us will acknowledge that we are not an adequate substitute for the newspapers whose demise we have hastened. We cannot supply the wealth of detail the informed citizen needs to judge the performance of his city, county, or state. If we do our jobs thoroughly, however, we can be a superb monitor over the monopoly newspaper, assuring that it does not by plot, caprice, or inadvertence miss a major story.



We *can* be, that is, if we are left alone to perform that essential journalistic function. The trouble is that broadcast media are not free; they are government licensed. The power to make us conform is too great to lie forever dormant. The ax lies there temptingly for use by any enraged administration, Republican, Democrat, or Wallaceite. We are at the mercy of the whim of politicians and bureaucrats, and whether they choose to chop us down or not, the mere existence of their power is an intimidating and constraining threat.

So on one side there is a monopoly press that may or may not choose to present views other than those of the domineering majority, on the other side a vigorously competitive but federally regulated broadcast industry, most of whose time is spent currying popular—that is, majority—favor. This scarcely could be called a healthy situation. There is a real danger that the free flow of ideas, the vitality of minority views, even the dissent of recognized authorities could be stifled in such an atmosphere.

We newsmen, dedicated as we are to freedom of press and speech and the presentation of all viewpoints no matter how unpopular, must work together, regardless of our medium, to clear the air while there is still time. We must resist every new attempt at government control, intimidation, or harassment. And we must fight tenaciously to win through Congress and the courts guarantees that will free us forever from the present restrictions. We must stand together and bring the power of our professional organizations to bear against those publishers and broadcast managers who fail to understand the function of a free press. We must keep our own escutcheons so clean that no one who would challenge our integrity could hope to succeed.

If we do these things, we can preserve, and re-establish where it has faded, the confidence of the people whose freedom is so indivisibly linked with ours.

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THE LAST OF THE RED HOT SUPPLEMENTS

by NORMAN HILL

Just over a year ago, when *This Week*, the newspaper-distributed Sunday magazine, announced that it would cease publication, a spokesman said the publishers had concluded that "the national newspaper supplements may have outlived their usefulness to newspapers and advertisers."

Inasmuch as *This Week* even in its dying days had enjoyed a circulation of nearly ten million and had left behind two other national supplements with more than twenty-three million, that pessimistic statement raised some eyebrows.

Ever since September 1963, when Hearst folded *American Weekly*, the Sunday supplement field had been plagued by advertising losses to television and to a growing list of newspaper-owned, locally edited supplements in major cities. Industry observers, not to mention millions of readers accustomed to receiving the familiar sixteen- to twenty-four-page tabloid-size national weeklies tucked inside their Sunday newspapers, wonder whether the last two surviving supplements, *Parade* and *Family Weekly*, will be able to withstand those threats, and for how long.

Parade, owned by Whitney Communications, is carried in ninety-three newspapers in larger cities. It will add the Houston *Post* next January, bringing its circulation up toward seventeen million. *Family Weekly*, published by Downe Communications, is currently in 248 papers, in medium- and small-size markets. It expects to add seven next year, which will bring its total circulation to nearly eight million.

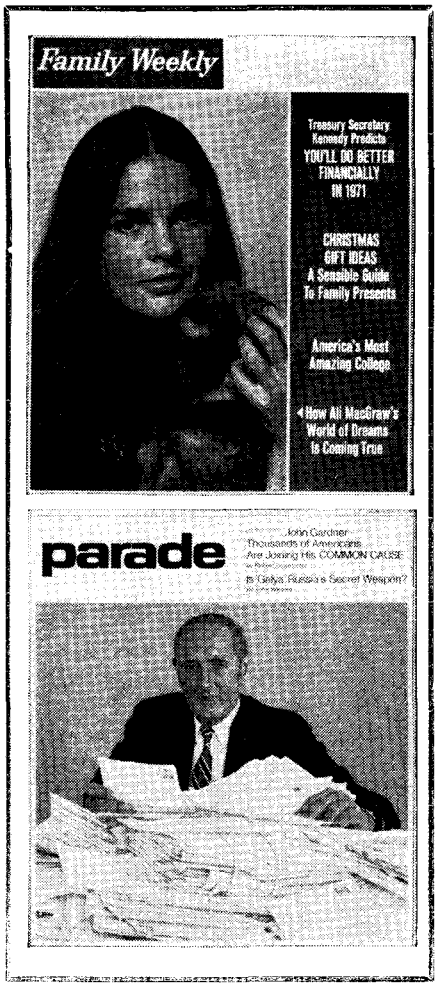
Since they do not depend directly for their circulation on their appeal to readers but rather on the indulgence of those newspapers that function as carriers, the need to shape their editorial package with both eyes on the newspapers' editors and publishers rather than their readers makes for a unique, sometimes bizarre challenge for the supplement editor trying to please everyone. Some industry insiders believe that this very editorial conundrum was instrumental if not decisive in the death of *This Week*.

Jess Gorkin, who has been with *Parade* for twenty-four years (twenty-two as editor), is one of the most insistent proponents of the view that "a poor product and poor management" were the main reasons for *This Week's* demise. It had lost its "editorial spine," had become bland, and had begun groping for "a magic formula." If it had stuck with a strong editorial policy, and had "done a job to satisfy its readers," he says, *This Week* would be here today. "There was room for all three of us." When, as their troubles grew, *This Week* created an editorial board manned by executives of their distributing newspapers, they were "finished," according to Gorkin. "You cannot edit by committee."

But some industry executives discount editorial policy as a decisive factor. They stress that *This Week* lost some of its leading markets as big newspapers decided they could please readers better and keep all the advertising income by providing their own locally edited supplement. In some cases, the newspapers themselves disappeared, as with *This Week*'s New York outlet, the *Herald Tribune*. At the same time, the growth of network, regional, and local spot advertising on television and the availability of regionalized pages in such general magazines as *Life*, *Look*, and *McCall's* cut into the national advertising funds for which the Sunday magazines were competing.

This Week, desperately seeking to replace what it lost as newspaper publishers one by one—in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Atlanta—decided they didn't need it, and squeezed out of its biggest market, New York, was forced to go into smaller newspapers, often "back-to-back," that is, sharing its vehicle with another national or locally edited supplement. Finally, *This Week*'s owners, Crowell Collier, threw in the sponge.

That left just two contenders in the nationally syndicated Sunday magazine field, *Parade* and *Family Weekly*. How will they both keep their hundreds of critics—the distributing newspapers—happy with their editorial package? How will they fare economically in a publishing area beset by tightened advertising budgets, the


Family Weekly
Treasury Secretary Kennedy Predicts YOU'LL DO BETTER FINANCIALLY IN 1971
CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS A Sensible Guide To Family Presents
America's Most Amazing College
How Ali MacGraw's World of Dreams Is Coming True
parade
John Gardner: Thousands of Americans Are Joining His COMMON CAUSE
Is Golda Russia's Secret Weapon?

trend toward local supplements, and the shadowy question mark left by the death of *This Week*, which had been in its heyday the biggest of the three?

Gorkin leaves no doubt about what he thinks needs to be done in the pages of *Parade*. Several years ago he took his stand when he said, "Let's face it. There's too much filler and perennial pap getting into Sunday magazine pages."

Is it possible to avoid pap and cloying blandness when one must strive to please, or at least to avoid offending, a multiplicity of individual publishers, with regional interests and prejudices? A former supplement editor says, "You have dozens of publishers who all think they can do it better. You're under orders to alienate no one."

One insider recalls that when his supplement published an article on actor Sidney Poitier the year he won the Academy Award, "it was made known that should we ever do that again, a certain newspaper in Alabama would not put out the issue that Sunday." On another occasion a California publisher complained about an article in the magazine about public libraries, because they were "socialistic." Bob Driscoll, who has been an editor at one time or another at all four of the

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national supplements, including the defunct *American Weekly* and *This Week*, says, "They have to be apolitical, areligious—for John Wayne, apple pie, and motherhood."

When it comes to political coverage, a curious kind of "equal time" syndrome—in which the subscribing newspapers rather than the government are the enforcers—rules the supplements. During Presidential election years, there are separate cover stories on each major candidate, and features on each of their families, or stories of equal length in the same issue, side by side. Bob Fitzgibbon, former editor of *Family Weekly*, who left last July to edit an airlines magazine after sixteen years on the staff, recalls that a few years ago he held out a story on Arthur Goldberg because of rumors he would resign as U.N. Ambassador to run for Senator from New York. If the story had run and Goldberg had become a candidate, "we'd have felt obligated to give equal treatment to his opponent." The story is still in the magazine's inventory.

Similar taboos operate strongly in other areas, including such central issues as Vietnam, race relations, religion, and sex. Gorkin says, "We try to present the facts rather than take a stand." *Family Weekly*'s publisher, Mort Frank, with the magazine since 1958, says, "We're not taking a stand for or against Vietnam. We use a feature approach—'The Christmas Gift Our GIs Gave Me,' by Mrs. Bob Hope, 'Diary of a Vietnam Patrol,' 'I Visited My Marine Son in Vietnam.'"

Family Weekly for over a year sat on an article about the Pill by Pearl Buck that, according to several sources, was actually "on the side of Victorian purity." It was killed over the objections of the editor, who tried several times without success to revive it. Frank recalls that, although originally "we were afraid to run it—we paid her for it and didn't use it," it finally ran after a part was cut out that was severely critical of American GIs who left their progeny behind after they had had affairs with Vietnamese girls. Last year, Fitzgibbon wanted to do a story on sex education, but by then the subject had become a "very hot issue," and he decided to kill it. "After you've tried some of these things and they get turned down, you just shy away from them because you know they're not going to see the light of day," he says.

Driscoll remembers that at editorial meetings he attended at all the supplements over a period of years, veteran staff members would caution the editor about story idea after story idea—a chorus of warnings that one newspaper publisher or another "just won't sit still for that." There was continual controversy between the editor and the publisher on each supplement: "The editor wants to put out a good product, but the publisher is dealing with the newspapers and says, 'No, you can't run that.'" The consensus seems to be that finding the happy medium between a vital and vigorous supplement and a bland one that pleases everybody is the prime challenge.

Gorkin, aiming *Parade* at its predominantly big-city readership, strives for a kind of controversy and sensationalism, but without causing undue displeasure to individual publishers. Always looking for a new "barn-burner" story, he sticks with the basic policy he proclaimed in 1966: to publish "controversial, provocative, challenging material . . . in tune with current tastes and trends." Belittling other supplements of earlier days as "scissors and pastepot operations," Gorkin repeatedly asserts his essential policy is to "tell it like it is."

There is still much evidence in *Parade* of fence-sitting in taboo areas. An article describing the war's effect on Saigon's refugees, orphans, inflation, and traffic is blurbed innocuously on the cover: SAIGON BECOMES HONDAVILLE, U.S.A. A recital of the statistical records set by the war lists: "farthest away from U.S.; longest war; lowest killed/wounded ratio; most American Presidents involved." A pre-election report on the Senator Hart-Lenore Romney senatorial race in Michigan safely declares that "whatever the outcome, the citizens of Michigan will be winners. Both candidates are eminently qualified, highly professional, and deeply concerned. They are, above all, a gentleman and a lady." A profile of Governor Lester Maddox, while depicting the ardent segregationist as "most unorthodox," "controversial," and defiant of federal court orders, also takes amused note of his "antics" and "wacky ways," credits him with having brought the Governor's office "closer to the people," and concludes that "if Maddox has made atrocious racist statements, he has also appointed the first Negro in the state's history to the State Board of Corrections."

A somewhat gamy feature called "Personality Parade" appears each week. It consists of answers to questions from readers (some industryites charge that the questions as well as the answers are staff-written). Examples: "Q. In Pearl Buck's recent book *The Kennedy Women*, she refers to Joseph Sr.'s 'long relationship with a beautiful actress.' Who was she? A. Gloria Swanson." "Q. Was David Eisenhower ever engaged to an attractive young divorcée named Judy Tegethoff . . . ? A. He was not. Judy Tegethoff was his father's private secretary. When . . . David's father was appointed U.S. Ambassador to Belgium, Mrs. Tegethoff subsequently joined the U.S. Embassy in Brussels, where she is now a member of the Ambassador's secretarial staff." "Q. . . . it was rumored that a prominent American diplomat would soon be transferred to Tanzania if he didn't get rid of his so-called private and confidential secretary. Is President Nixon aware of this situation? A. Nixon . . . hopes that the diplomat in question will come to his senses before the diplomat's wife, fed up with the entire situation, blows her whistle."

A recent column discloses that Shirley MacLaine and TV commentator Sandy Vanocur are "the closest of friends, but Miss MacLaine has a tacit understanding with her husband . . . which permits freewheeling on the part of each." In reply to a question whether actress Lee Remick has ever "recovered from her friendship with John F. Kennedy," *Parade* replies, "Miss Remick has known or met many men in her time, among them the late John F. Kennedy, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and others." In a somewhat less than chivalrous fashion, the column answered the question "Who is older, President Nixon or his wife?" by stating laconically, "Richard Nixon was born on January 9, 1913. His wife was born on March 16, 1912."

Gorkin is justifiably proud of his consistent success in coming up with newsworthy articles that become wire service stories, sometimes appearing in the Sunday morning news columns of competitive papers. In an inspired wedding of provocative content and promotion, Gorkin a decade ago launched a campaign in *Parade* for establishment of a direct telephone line between Washington and Moscow. When the "hot line" became a reality, President Kennedy wrote a letter to Gorkin expressing his delight that Gorkin's efforts had been "an excellent example of the most constructive aspects of our free press." Attempting to make lightning strike twice, Gorkin has crusaded in *Parade* for the past two years for a new hot line, this time to Peking. He claims there is "interest on both sides" and predicts that within three years or so "it will be."

Some observers feel that *Parade*'s aggressive editorial policy has done them harm in the past and may cause future problems. One individual close to the situation said there were times when *Family Weekly* thought *Parade*

(*Continued on page 62*)

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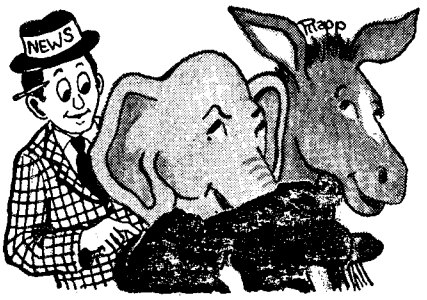
FAILING NEWSPAPERS AND ANTI-TRUST LAWS



by JOHN TEBBEL

In the aftermath of the Newspaper Preservation Act, which became law last July 28, following an interminable legislative process that began on March 16, 1967, the debate continues over whether this legislation means the saving of newspapers from extinction or whether it gives larger newspapers and chains an immunity from anti-trust laws at the eventual expense of smaller papers and the independence of the press in general.

For those who may have dozed off since Senator Carl Hayden first introduced what was then termed the "Failing Newspaper Act," a brief recapitulation of the bill and its history may be necessary. The Arizona Democrat was joined in his sponsorship by fourteen other Senators from states where what are known as "joint operating agreements" exist between two newspapers, a condition that prevails among forty-four newspapers in twenty-two cities. What the Newspaper Preservation Act does is to exempt from the anti-trust laws "newspaper combinations" and "joint newspaper operating arrangements" if these combinations and arrangements are proved to be essential for the survival of a "failing newspaper." Combinations include mergers, consolidations, and the acquiring by one owner, directly or indirectly, of the stock or capital assets of another paper. Joint arrangements include common publication facilities: joint printing, distribution, advertising, circulation, solicitation, and bookkeeping operations; and common advertising rates, circulation rates, and the distribution of revenue. Only editorial operations must be kept separate.

This legislation rose out of an effort by the Justice Department to prevent joint publication of the Arizona *Daily Star* and the Tucson *Daily Citizen*, operating under a common agreement since 1941. The *Star* sold out to the *Citizen* in 1964, and it was this action that the government tried to block by injunction, contending at the same time that the papers had been in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act since 1940 by virtue of their joint agreement. The government's contention was confirmed by the Federal District Court in Arizona, and was later upheld by the Supreme Court. Passage of the Preservation Act nullifies this decision.

Reading through the testimony of some forty witnesses (twenty-five against, fifteen for) at the hearings of the Senate Judiciary Anti-Trust and Monopoly Subcommittee, and the hundreds of thousands of words written on the subject since then, one can only be impressed by the persistence of myths about the newspaper business, even among otherwise sober and highly competent observers. There is an odd, nineteenth-century flavor about much of what has been written, as though the good guys were battling fiercely and idealistically against the bad guys over the preservation or destruction of the First Amendment.

The primary fact to be remembered is that, whatever the philosophical rights and wrongs may be, newspapers are a *business*, and they have been since the turn of the century, when advertising began to be the dominant factor instead of circulation, and when the era of personal journalism began its slow demise. Once advertising became the lifeblood of the newspaper, the character of the industry began to change. True, circulation and advertising were still interdependent and interrelated—the publisher had to deliver the one to get the other—but now it was a competition principally for dollars, not people. This development, coinciding with the gradual disappearance of the great entrepreneurs (Hearst and McCormick were the last of them), also changed the role of newspapers in society. They were no longer the personal organs of powerful men who could play the role of kingmaker in politics, but devices to sell goods, and secondarily to provide news and entertainment in proportions varying with each newspaper. The editorial page, with some rare exceptions, remains what it has always been, a luxuriant garden of ego outlets, but not even many publishers pretend that it any longer has a profound effect on political or social developments.

Observed in this light, the newspaper medium becomes one among several media struggling not only for the attention of the consumer, a fierce competition in itself, but for the advertising money that makes its existence possible—a formidable task in the age of electronic technology. Newspapers are worth preserving not just because they inform the reader about goods and services in a way that other media have not yet been able to equal (although they will), but because they give him—however imperfectly—information about the world around him in a detailed form unduplicated by the other media. More important, they are the only daily news medium that is not regulated by the government, and the United States is one of the few remaining nations still able to make that statement. The list gets a little smaller every year. That the newspaper press remains an effective, vitally essential watchdog over government is attested by the virulence with which politicians and other self-serving interests attack it and try to throttle it in every conceivable way.

That alone would make newspapers worth preserving in this beleaguered society and sufficient reason to let not even one go down the drain if there were any way to save it. The simple alternative to the Newspaper Preservation Act is the continuing loss of newspapers, which is already alarming enough.

One of the arguments most often heard against the act was that it would strengthen monopoly publishing, and in some of this rhetoric could be heard the ancient echoes of trust busting. But is group ownership necessarily the unmitigated evil it is always depicted as being? There may have been some merit in this argument when the Hearst newspapers spoke unanimously with the voice of W. R., and the McCormick-Patterson axis spoke with the interlocking voices of its powerful directorate, and the lesser press lords so often used their newspapers as propaganda machines. Things have changed today. The world's largest multiple ownership, the Thomson organization, speaks with a multiplicity of editorial voices. Ironically, one sometimes hears it argued virtuously that Lord Thomson should exercise editorial as well as financial control over his newspapers. He owns thirty-five dailies in the United States, the largest number owned by any group here, yet it would be difficult to prove that Roy Thomson is a threat to democratic expression in America.

What about the next five largest groups? Once the Gannett newspapers (twenty-six of them now) could have

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been considered a vehicle for Frank Gannett's right-wing political opinions, although he always insisted that he gave his editors autonomy, but his papers no longer serve that function. The newspapers of the Scripps league, twenty-five of them, did not unanimously reflect Roy Howard's conservatism even when he was alive and his chief editorial writer in Washington was putting a lead editorial on the wire every day. If the Newhouse group (twenty-two), the Donrey Media Group (seventeen), and the Copey newspapers (seventeen) are instruments of their publishers' political wills, it would be hard to discern in their news columns and on some of their editorial pages as well, many of which are more innocuous than militant.

Yes, one might say, but the tone of nearly all these newspapers is conservative and Republican. That, however, is not because these newspapers are monopolies or constitute groups, but because they are businesses and business is predominantly conservative and Republican. At least two-thirds of the newspapers in the United States fall roughly into this ideological category, but the ones regularly denounced by the politicians who have most reason to fear them number only a fraction of the total, and none is a member of a group. Their influence is entirely out of proportion to their numbers. In our time of social ferment and incipient revolution, the rise and comparative prosperity of an "underground" press, which operates mostly well above ground and is not at all dependent on advertising, is testimony to an established fact of press history—that social dissent begets its own press. In this country, it is possible for such a press to exist.

As for the one-newspaper towns, or the two-newspaper towns operating under joint agreements, none of the testimony produced any evidence that these newspapers were consistently, willfully biased and distorted in their news columns—the only part of the newspaper that really matters in this argument—nor that the citizens were deprived of access to a great many other editorial opinions available from the other media, which only these citizens' inertia could prevent them from obtaining. There is surely no lack of diverse opinion today in America.

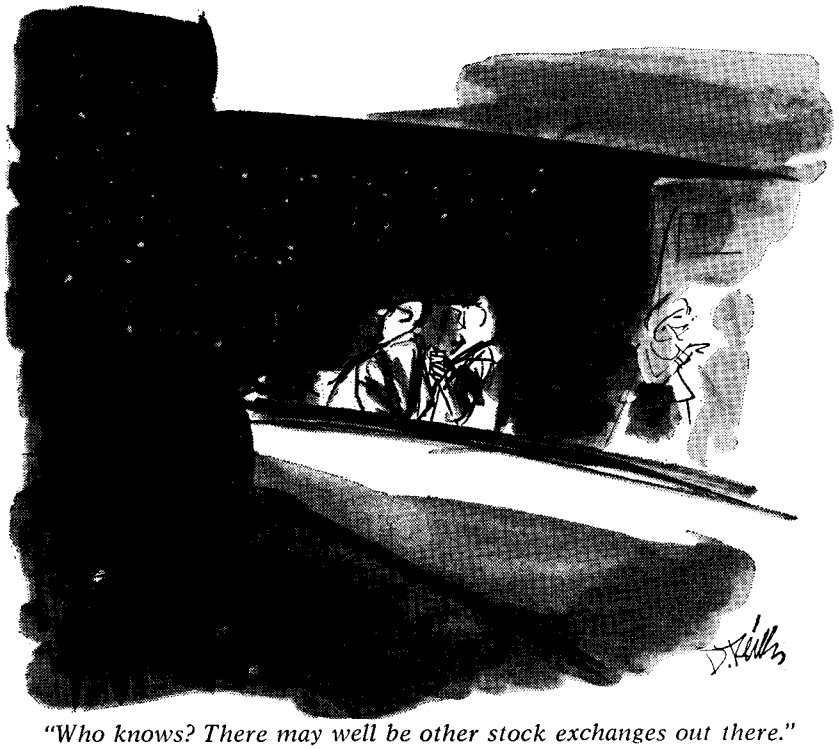
Often heard in the arguments against the act was the contention that publishers were fat cats, and that the fattest of them — meaning the group owners—would get the benefits of the legislation. This seems a rather simplistic denial of the realities of publishing. If a group owner has a newspaper that is losing money consistently and it cannot be saved by other means, he can continue to support it with the profits derived from his other properties, which is contrary to any reasonable concept of business practice, or he can let it go—unless a joint arrangement with a rival paper can be made. The choice is to continue the paper or suspend it.

Overlooked, too, in the economic argument is that even the fattest of the fat cats do not exist on the profits from their newspapers alone, but from the other properties they own, principally radio and television stations. Not even the New York Times Company could survive on what its newspaper earns. In the case of small-city publishers who may not have any profitable auxiliaries, the cost-price squeeze is increasingly ruinous. The ceilings on advertising and circulation revenue are immovable, and the costs of labor and materials are constantly rising to meet them. When they meet, papers disappear. To cite the bulk of newspaper owners in America, or anywhere else, as fat and waxing fatter is to fly in the face of economic fact. The existence of a few obviously rich publishers is not a characterization of the industry as a whole, by any means. To resurrect the old anti-Wendell Willkie battle cry of "barefoot millionaire," as one opponent of the act did, is an emotional but not a factual argument.

The Newspaper Preservation Act is far from being a perfect piece of legislation. The provisions in it relating to the fixing of advertising rates and the pooling of profits without relating them to costs are of dubious legality, although it is difficult to see how a joint agreement could work unless such moves were made. A far more fundamental flaw, however, is the provision that a single public official, the Attorney General, is given the right to approve or disapprove of any joint agreement. It is bad enough that the government has any say in the matter at all; the essence of press freedom is that a newspaper has the right to conduct its business as it sees fit. But that this power should be given to a single official who is not even elected has frightening possibilities.

The hearings over the legislation also have brought to light some useful information and stirred debate over two related topics: wire service franchises and the practices of newspaper syndicates. The exclusivity of the syndicates and the difficulties in obtaining the franchises are monopolistic evils in the business that have long been in need of reform.

Nor is the struggle over the act itself at an end. After it was signed into law, a suit testing its constitutionality was filed in San Francisco by the Bay Guardian Company, publishers of an independent newspaper. San Francisco's two dailies, the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, are among those enjoying the benefits of a joint agreement. The act may in fact be unconstitutional; that is for the courts to decide. But if it is, some other way will have to be found to save newspapers in trouble, without resort to the clichés of the past, or else the disappearing daily will continue to disappear at an even faster pace once it enters the coming era of cable television and a new technology that is already making the old one obsolete.



"Who knows? There may well be other stock exchanges out there."

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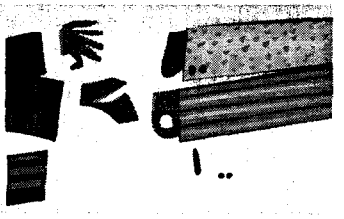
Public Relations



Countercurrents

There is no doubt of public insistence that corporations accept a greater share of responsibility for the improvement of the nation's physical and social environment. Every indicator supports that view. Organized consumer groups are in the forefront, backed by powerful members of Congress who are driving for legislation to force greater corporate responsibility. And politicians, with their antennas attuned to the voters' wishes, are skilled in interpreting the national mood.

Yet, despite this clamor, there are currents that run counter to the general mood and that have been a cause of worry for those managers who believe the corporation should accept its responsibility for improving the quality of life. These currents of opposition to corporation spending of stockholders' money for improvement in health care, education, and the inner cities have shown remarkable strength. That they stem from small, rather than large, stockholders, does not make their voices less insistent or ease management's problems.

Stockholders have been voting in frightening numbers at annual meetings for resolutions against corporations' making contributions to institutions devoted to the general welfare. Here is a look at the record.

• At this year's annual meeting of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, 91.4 per cent of the shares were voted against curtailment of corporate contributions. Yet, 12.3 per cent of the individual stockholders voted to cut what AT&T is contributing to hospitals, to community funds, to educational institutions. Clearly, this 12.3 per cent vote was that of small stockholders who preferred higher dividends to the corporation's accepting its role of responsible and responsive citizenship. Last year AT&T made charitable contributions of $14,704,000.

• At the Chase Manhattan Bank annual meeting, 97.17 per cent of shares were voted against the resolution to cut back deeply on corporate contributions. Yet, 8.29 per cent of the stockholders voted for the bank's backing away from helping improve the social environment. Last year the bank made charitable contributions of $1,680,215.

• At last year's annual meeting of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, 99 per cent of shares were voted against seriously cutting corporate contributions. However, the number of stockholders who voted to cut back on contributions was 6 per cent. Last year Du Pont's contributions totaled $4,957,000.

• At this year's annual meeting of the Ford Motor Company, 96.68 per cent of the shares were voted against cutting company contributions. But the number of stockholders voting in favor of slashing contributions was 16.19 per cent. The company last year contributed $12.4-million for educational and charitable purposes.

• At the General Motors Corporation annual meeting two years ago, 94.99 per cent of shares were voted against cutting sharply into the corporation's charitable contributions. Here the number of individual stockholders who voted for the cut was 12.57 per cent. Last year GM made charitable contributions of $13.2-million.

• Two years ago at the International Business Machines Corporation annual meeting, 98 per cent of the shares voted were opposed to cutting corporate aid for the improvement of the social environment. Although IBM says that "our practice is not to release the percentage of the shareholders who voted," it is a fair assumption that the percentage of stockholders in favor of curtailment of contributions was far higher than the percentage of voting shares. IBM last year made corporate contributions of $11,514,322.

• Two years ago at the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation, a resolution to cut the corporation's contributions lost, with the shares voting 94.9 per cent in opposition. Yet, the number of stockholders in favor of the curtailment resolution was 7.7 per cent. Last year U. S. Steel made a total of $6,964,000 in corporate contributions.

• At this year's annual meeting of the Xerox Corporation, 96.9 per cent of the shares voted were against cutting back on corporate contributions. Yet, 9.8 per cent of the individual stockholders voted for a heavy cut of corporate contributions to educational, charitable, and other similar organizations. Last year Xerox corporate contributions were $3,696,421.

It is a serious matter for management, as it is for the nation, that as many as 16.9 per cent of stockholders of a major corporation are opposed to its efforts to ease the tensions in the country. Normally, when from 6 per cent to nearly 17 per cent of investors in a corporation are opposed to an action of management, it is not long before the company course is changed.

But today the countercurrent is not as strong as the main current, and management would invite grave trouble if it listened to those stockholders who

say: "Give me all the profits. Don't share them with anyone."

There is an additional problem. Those corporate managers who have refused to carry their share of the burden in the past can find a new excuse to continue to shrug off their responsibility. There are too many such individuals. And the action of willful, even though small, stockholders who refuse to share their profits only plays into the hands of those who are opposed to the system that has helped generate so much good in our society.

In 1953, a stockholder sued the Smith Manufacturing Company of New Jersey for making a contribution to Princeton University, a gift not directly related to the work of the company. The courts upheld management's right and wisdom in making the contribution. For management to turn back, at a time when the country needs corporate help in solving national problems, would endanger the very interest of stockholders themselves.

This excerpt from the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of New Jersey is worth recalling now:

> When the wealth of the nation was primarily in the hands of individuals, they discharged their responsibilities as citizens by donating freely for charitable purposes. With the transfer of most of the wealth to corporate hands and the imposition of heavy burdens of individual taxation, they have been unable to keep pace with increased philanthropic needs. They have, therefore, with justification turned to corporations to assume the modern obligations of good citizenship in the same manner as humans do.

It was true seventeen years ago. It is true today. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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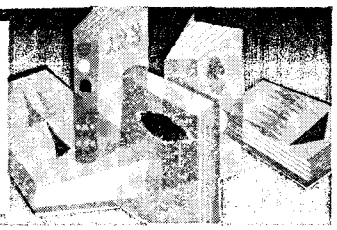
Books in Communications



The Editor Describes Himself

Kingsley Martin was one of the most influential of Britain's journalists between the wars. Under the tutelage of Harold Laski he might have pursued a promising academic career, but he lacked the detachment for teaching. Instead, in 1930, he became the editor of London's leftward-looking *New Statesman & Nation*. In this useful editorial chair he asserted with exceptional zeal the journalist's special privilege (perhaps more easily exercised in London) of playing a shadowy inside center on the soccer field while maintaining the overview of the spectator in the stands. He never confused his role of influence with actual power, which was reserved to the politicians, as Beaverbrook did when trying to forge his *Daily Express* into an instrument of government. But Martin was on intimate terms with all the great figures of his time: John Maynard Keynes, Leonard Woolf, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, H. G. Wells, Malcolm Muggeridge, Churchill, Ernest Bevin, and G. B. Shaw. Like so many casual and frequent afternoon callers, these men move endlessly through the crowded and busy pages of Martin's engrossing and brilliant two-part autobiography, which has just been published in this country, *Father Figures* and *Editor* (Regnery, $6.50 and $7.50, respectively), the first of which covers his childhood, education, First World War years, and entry into journalism; the second, the *New Statesman* years (1931-1945).

So engaging (and engaged) a mind reveals itself in these pages that one wishes for a third volume, which Martin's death precluded. As biography the work is incomplete. Except for the tacked-on final chapter of the second volume, it is not reflective enough to seem fully rounded and finished. But as a journalist's record it profits enormously from Martin's high standing in the between-the-wars intellectual community of Britain. Almost everyone of prominence wrote for his *New Statesman*, including James Joyce, and when Virginia Woolf turns down a chance to review books for it, her expression of reluctance becomes part of the record.

The two volumes mix and intermingle ideas, philosophy, written credos, famous correspondence, and personal incident. There are extraordinarily intimate and telling portraits of the Webbs, that unique intellectual partnership, of Maynard Keynes and his courteous, brilliant, and persistent criticism, and of Shaw. The *New Statesman*'s role was that of idea battleground, that of market place for ways of working out the national destiny in a day of rising socialism. Putting the paper in the middle of events was more important to Martin than collecting famous contributors. "A newspaper does not depend," he wrote, "on the names of famous writers; it lives by securing a niche of its own. It must become compulsive reading for a group of people. If enough readers find they cannot do without the paper it will have influence and success; if it merely has brilliant contributors it will die."

Martin was a man of many figurative fathers. More truly autobiographical in tone, the first volume confesses his own wholly admiring feelings toward his own father and ends with a solid tribute to Shaw, his "favorite father figure," who once paternally cautioned Martin against overreacting to events: "An editor must never let the news upset him . . . a newspaper will kill its editor if he cannot announce the Day of Judgment without turning a hair." Martin hewed to the line; Muggeridge paid him high tribute: "Kingsley himself is an embodiment of the age. . . . He is himself our own fever and pain."

Mankind Anthologized: Reprint technology has facilitated the turning of magazines into books in one form or another, and the latest achievement in this line is an attractive set of four paperbacks drawn from *Mankind Magazine*. The "Mankind Series of Great Adventures of History" opens with *The American Indian*, binding together in one illustrated paperback volume scholarly and readable accounts of the great movements, migrations, and forced removals of Indian tribes and nations. They are edited and written with full awareness of the horribly bloody injustices perpetrated on the Indians almost to the beginning of this century and conscious respect for present Indian aspirations. The other volumes in this promising series are *The Ancient World*, guidebook to a part of history that often came too early in school for retention; *Great Military Campaigns*, from Constantinople to Finland's Winter War; and *The Human Side of History*, getting down to cosmetics and college football. The series is edited by Raymond Friday Locke (Mankind Publishing Company, $1.75 each).

Hollywood Relived: In the right hands, reprint technology can reclaim bundles of forgotten, throwaway magazines whose value you might never have suspected, transforming them into serious sociology. Well, semiserious in the case of *Hollywood and the Great Fan Magazines*, edited by Martin Levin (Arbor House, $10), a knowingly arranged anthology of the best of *Photoplay, Motion Picture, Silver Screen*, and the rest through the starry years. The book, which can be studied or enjoyed on a number of levels, or simply scanned for illustrations of valentine-like ardor and appeal, is much more than the sum of its parts—a mirror held up to mirrored mirrors—but it is hard to resist tearing one lead paragraph out of context: "Stockholm, the great capital of Sweden. In a small courtyard, a small girl plays with her dolls. She talks to them, admonishing, cajoling, threatening. . . . Her voice is soft, then high-pitched, then laughing. . . . Pretending. Always pretending."

Is this not Greta Garbo? Is this not style?

Questions for Everyone: After six years on the *Today* show, Barbara Walters has impressed an audience of millions with her cool ability to handle any type of interview or discussion. In a how-to book that ranges beyond television, Miss Walters shares her technique in *How to Talk with Practically Anybody About Practically Anything* (Doubleday, $5.95)—a 1970s etiquette book, a guide to social situations as various as how to talk naturally across the "accomplishment gap" with a famous person and how to start off a conversation with a difficult subject; an excellent handbook for reporters, discussion leaders, party givers, lecturers, and those always appalled at the thought of conversing with strangers. Like all successful techniques, Miss Walters's is essentially simple: a seemingly inexhaustible supply of ready questions, a genuine interest in people, innate tactfulness, and a generous ability to put herself in the other person's place.

—Stuart W. Little.

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Last of the Supplements

Continued from page 57

was "playing into our hands" by antagonizing some of the newspapers with its more peppery content. Shortly after *This Week*'s demise, when both remaining supplements were being considered by a Southern newspaper, *Parade* ran a cover story on interracial marriage. Soon afterward the paper chose *Family Weekly*. "We always felt they picked us because of that cover story," says this informant. "It tipped the scales."

In sharp contrast with *Parade*'s deliberately sensational approach to its big-city audience, *Family Weekly* methodically aims its editorial format at readers in smaller cities. Their editors have always believed (one informant says they were "brainwashed") that thinking in the "heartlands" is different from what it is, for example, in New York. Their staff was told to "think Midwestern." Management prefers an editor who has lived at least for some time outside of the big city. Fitzgibbon and an assistant, who were originally from Chicago, used to be introduced to the publishers at newspaper conventions as "our staff members from Illinois." Even Chicago was apparently too big a brush with which to color a *Family Weekly* editor.

There is no question about *Family Weekly*'s living up to its name. An article entitled "The Little Known Nixon Brothers" says that they have made sacrifices to help their older brother go "all the way," and lauds "the sort of family devotion, sacrifice, and loyalty it takes to make a man President of the United States." Beatle Ringo Starr, another article states beamingly, has "become a family man, with a new purpose in life." One TV actor, yet another story virtuously points out, regrets that he dropped out of school to devote himself to "running around, drinking, and going out with chicks," but cheers the fact that now that he's a success he supports his mother, for whom he bought a house while "he remains in a small apartment."

FW's version of *Parade*'s gossipy "Personality Parade" is a much blander "Ask Them Yourself," in which readers' questions are answered by celebrities. Marlin Perkins, TV's animal expert, explains how skunks communicate with one another. President Nixon answers the question: "Were you stationed at a base near Ottumwa, Iowa, during World War II?" (His reply: "Yes.") Barbra Streisand tells a reader who asks how she keeps her fingernails so long without breaking them, "They break like everybody else's," and adds that fortunately she doesn't have to do much housework.

An occasional swinging note disturbs the publication's decorous pages. In one recent article, an actress revealed frankly that "home is a 'shack' she shares" with an actor whom she doesn't love enough to marry. Frank confesses that the piece drew about a hundred letters of complaint—"highly unusual for us."

The heart and soul of *Family Weekly*'s formula is big names: writers and celebrities whose bylines provide good window dressing for covers and grist for promotional ads by the newspapers. The program was first conceived by editor Ernest Heyn (now editor-in-chief of *Popular Science*), who was the undisputed giant of the supplement field during thirteen years at *American Weekly* and then *Family Weekly*. Fitzgibbon continued the policy after Heyn left. Getting such people as Pearl Buck, MacKinlay Kantor, and William Saroyan to write for $500 (*Parade* pays anywhere from two to five times that much) is not easy. It means combining all the editor's available personal clout with an imaginative matching of the writer's interest in a subject he can write about without spending a lot of time on research. Sloan Wilson's piece "I'm Looking Forward to My Second Fifty Years" was a list of ten rules for staying "young at heart." Actress Joanne Woodward's byline appeared on an as-told-to article revealing "What Our Family Is Doing About Environment Pollution." In a cover story by Debbie Reynolds, "I Drove a Camper Bus Through the West," in which the actress described the joys of a family trip, readers learned that her household slogan "is that familiar phrase: 'A family that plays together stays together.'"

There have been reports that Ed Downe, dynamic head of the parent company, has sought to reduce editorial expenses, and to cut back rates paid to writers even below the present comparatively low level. "Downe runs a tight ship," says one insider, and "it has caused headaches." The magazine's low-overhead policy may be the reason for the obvious public relations hand that shows persistently throughout the publication. Columns and features espouse assorted commercial interests: the Men's Fashion Association advises on how to get a close shave (use "really hot water" for lathering); the question "Why do they call it bourbon?" is answered by the president of the Bourbon Institute; pianist Roger Williams promotes a chain of music schools he has "endorsed"; psychoanalyst Erika Freeman is quoted as telling the "Family Fitness Council (in co-operation with Sears)" that buying an exercise machine helps provide motivation; a cover story on how better street lighting fights crime draws its inspiration from the Street and Highway Safety Lighting Bureau; a story on metallic jewelry quotes the Jewelry Industry Council.

An interesting aspect of *Family Weekly* is the regular recurrence in its editorial space of mail-order offerings that adjoin articles on related subjects. In nearly every issue, books, travel guides, or needlecraft kits are hawked —all bearing an identical mailing address in Miami, Florida—next to articles not far afield from the products advertised.

Apart from their sharply divergent editorial approach, these two last remaining specimens of a diminishing species have one happy quality in common. They are enjoying—and have, consistently, for the past four or five years — new highs in circulation and advertising revenue. There are more newspapers carrying nationally syndicated Sunday magazines than ever before. The two magazines' combined advertising income for last year was more than $47-million (nearly $33-million of it in *Parade*), with further gains for both indicated for this year.

Even should the erosion process that destroyed *This Week* continue, and more papers drop national supplements in favor of local ones, both *Family Weekly* and *Parade* would seem to be in extremely favorable positions. *Family Weekly*'s predominantly smaller-size newspapers, all of which need some kind of Sunday magazine, are less likely to think seriously of tackling the creative, managerial, and production headaches of starting their own magazines. Through the years, *Family Weekly*'s management has shrewdly avoided taking on big-city papers — tempting as the increased circulation and ad revenue might have been. In every one of its markets—with the exception of a handful—*Family Weekly* is the only supplement in town. Now that there has been a shaking out, and *Parade* is left alone as *the* national supplement in big cities, it seems safe to conclude that most of the bigger papers that could afford to already have started their own magazine. Even if more papers should withdraw, *Parade* would still have a large enough list (with clear sailing in all the big markets *Family Weekly* wouldn't consider) to be secure.

For the time being, *Parade*, the only remaining big-city national supplement, and *Family Weekly*, the exclusive mid-America supplement — for blander or for worse—have inherited the Sunday supplement earth, and their claim to the inheritance is uncontested.

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Theater

Continued from page 16

realistic writer concerned with the waste inherent in British society's addiction to the class system. Seen in this light, *Home* emerges as an imaginatively conceived, descriptive social drama. It may be frequently boring as a play, but because it emanates a genuine sadness it succeeds as a work of art.

Also as a work of art *Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett* triumphs over a certain lack of dramatic continuity. To create Beckett's universe of cosmic perspective, Ming Cho Lee has designed a floor and background of galactic swirls and furnished it with a solitary meteorite of a rock. And to suggest the existential comic absurdity of Beckettian man, Theoni V. Aldredge has tailored a long ragged black overcoat to cover the actor's spiritual nakedness.

Starting with this inspired image, MacGowran proceeds to burrow into the essential Beckett, using excerpts from the Nobel Prize-winning author's novels and plays. What he gives us is a doomed figure obstinately asserting his determination to enjoy the journey

from the cradle to the grave without embracing grand illusions. MacGowran does this so unsparingly and so unpityingly that we feel a total fusion between the actor and his material. It is a pure and memorable evening.

The late Lorraine Hansberry's unfinished play *Les Blancs* is exciting because it honestly penetrates the positions involved in interracial struggle. The play is set in colonial Africa. Its protagonist is Tshembe, the Europeanized son of the leader of the native resistance movement. Tshembe returns for his father's funeral, after which he plans to go back to his white wife in London. However, events force him to become involved and ultimately to act against his own humanitarian instincts. It is not presented as the desirable course, but as the tragic inevitable alternative to just and open negotiation. James Earl Jones is both electrifyingly decisive and touchingly hesitant as Tshembe, and Lili Darvas is utterly convincing as an aged and blind woman who sees Africa more clearly than anyone else.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 38
alien, anile, aline.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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ST. CROIX, V.I., FREDERIKSTED, SOUTH SHORE—Spacious oceanfront home—4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, sandy beach, snorkeling, surf casting. Championship golf 10 minutes away. Caretaker. Maid available. January 15th-April 15th, $2,250 month: April 15th-January 15th, $1,750 month. SR Box X-998.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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STUDIES ABROAD

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1914

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Purchaser, esp. in law	152 156 163 11 26 38
B. Parliament of Iceland	39 49 58 62 83 114 150
C. Cruel Ammonite king defeated by Saul (I Sam.II)	13 45 56 66 115 122
D. Revise; treat; tamper with	136 142 160 171 9 29
E. Zoroastrian hymn to a deity	54 70 168 2 7
F. Faculty or skill for a particular activity (comp.)	166 19 24 55 69 116 138
G. Brain	149 22 23 79 124 155 159 165 30 139
H. Nonsense, silliness	140 15 34 46 60 81
I. One of a literary trio	93 98 104 119 6
J. Source of emetine	20 77 100 107 145 44
K. Hitch; glance through (pages) quickly	71 72 87 117 52
L. At anchor and pitching heavily (comp.)	75 96 8 27 105 28 35 109 128
M. Proclaim; messenger	161 169 36 73 110 147
N. Unrestricted opportunity (2 wds.)	21 78 111 143 43 48 59 88
O. Ship's lantern	127 47 76 106 131 64

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Labored	123 33 101 126 141 154 120 18 170
Q. Devotion; regard; supplementary device	5 91 103 108 132 86 16 125 80 1
R. "Such gardens are ——/ By singing: —— 'Oh, how beautiful!' " (2 wds.; Kipling, "The Glory of the Garden")	84 133 94 17 151 65 173
S. Condemned	95 41 113 134 153 61
T. His autobiography is "A Child of the Century"	90 118 51 92 121
U. American Revolutionary leader (1742-1804), appointed commissioner to Tuscany	50 172 32 40 67
V. River that rises in Vorarlberg, Austria, and flows into the Danube	42 129 85 99
W. Consent; agreement	102 14 89 137 10 112
X. Slightly, faintly	174 3 25 12 144 158 4 97
Y. Son of Apollo and Asteria; prophet who accompanied the Argonauts	63 74 31 53 146
Z. One with light blond hair	130 57 68 148 135 167 82
Z^1 Vedic god presiding over the underworld (Hindu mythology)	37 162 157 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 Q	2 E	3 X		4 X	5 Q	6 I	7 E		8 L	9 D	10 W	11 A		12 X							
13 C		14 W	15 H	16 Q	17 R	18 P	19 F	20 J	21 N	22 G		23 G	24 F	25 X	26 A	27 L							
	28 L	29 D	30 G	31 Y		32 U		33 P	34 H	35 L	36 M	_	37 Z^1	38 A	39 B	40 U							
_	41 S	42 V	43 N		44 J	45 C	46 H	47 O	48 N	49 B	50 U	51 T		52 K	53 Y	54 E							
	55 F	56 C	57 Z		58 B	59 N	60 H	61 S		62 B	63 Y	64 O		65 R	66 C	67 U							
	68 Z	69 F	70 E	71 K		72 K	73 M	74 Y		75 L	76 O	77 J	78 N	79 G	80 Q	81 H							
82 Z		83 B	84 R		85 V	86 Q	87 K	88 N	89 W	90 T		91 Q	92 T	93 I	94 R								
95 S	96 L	97 X		98 I	99 V	100 J		101 P	102 W	103 Q	104 I	105 L	106 O		107 J	108 Q							
109 L	110 M	111 N	112 W		113 S	114 B		115 C	116 F	117 K	118 T		119 I	120 P		121 T							
122 C	123 P		124 G	125 Q	126 P	127 O	128 L	129 V		130 Z	131 O		132 Q	133 R	134 S	135 Z							
	136 D	137 W	138 F	139 G		140 H	141 P	142 D	143 N	144 X		145 J	146 Y	147 M		148 Z							
149 G		150 B	151 R	152 A	153 S		154 P	155 G	156 A	157 Z^1		158 X	159 G	160 D	161 M								
162 Z^1	163 A		164 Z^1	165 G	166 F	167 Z	_	168 E	169 M	170 P	171 D	172 U	173 R	174 X									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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$12 an ounce.

It's the Parker International Classic Ball Pen. In sterling silver. Yet so slim and so carefully made, it weighs just an ounce.

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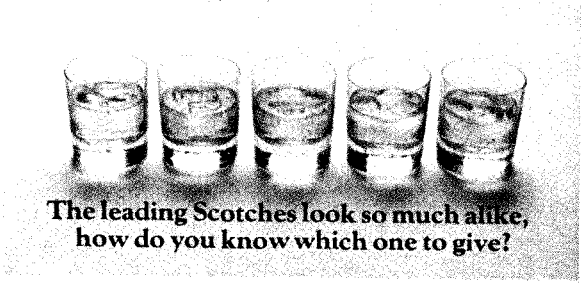

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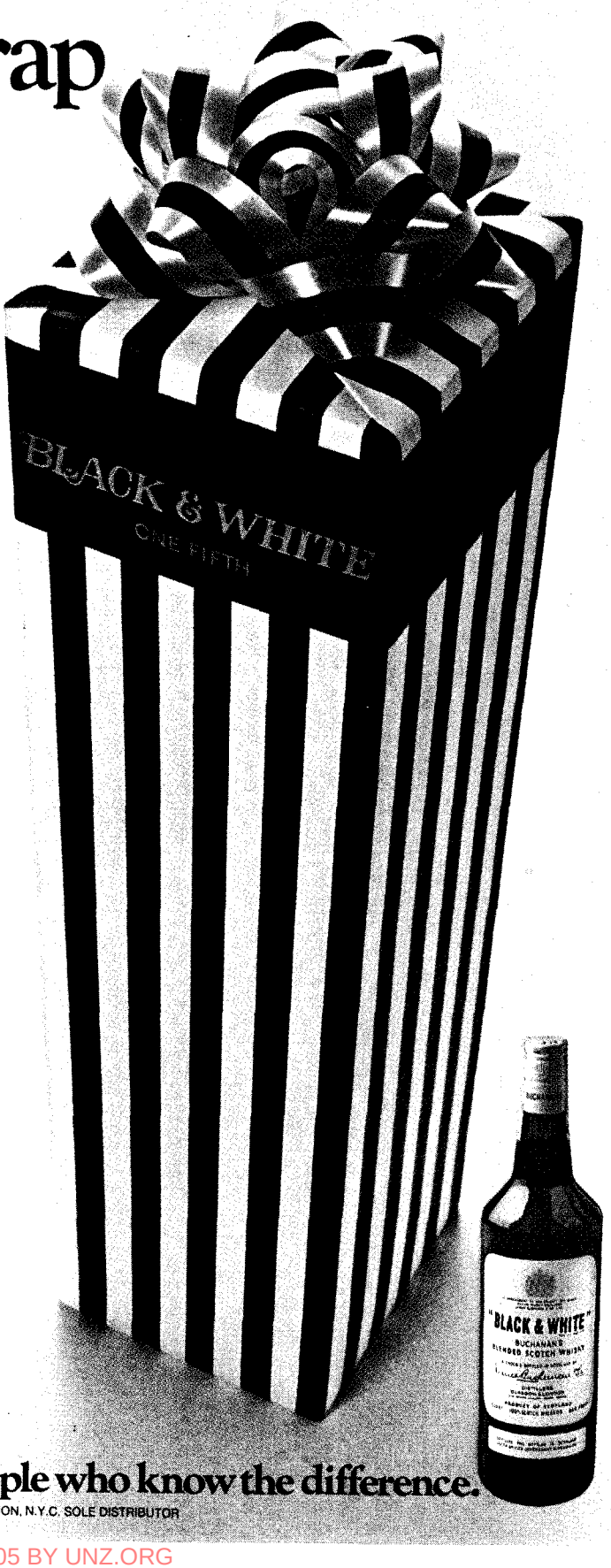

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